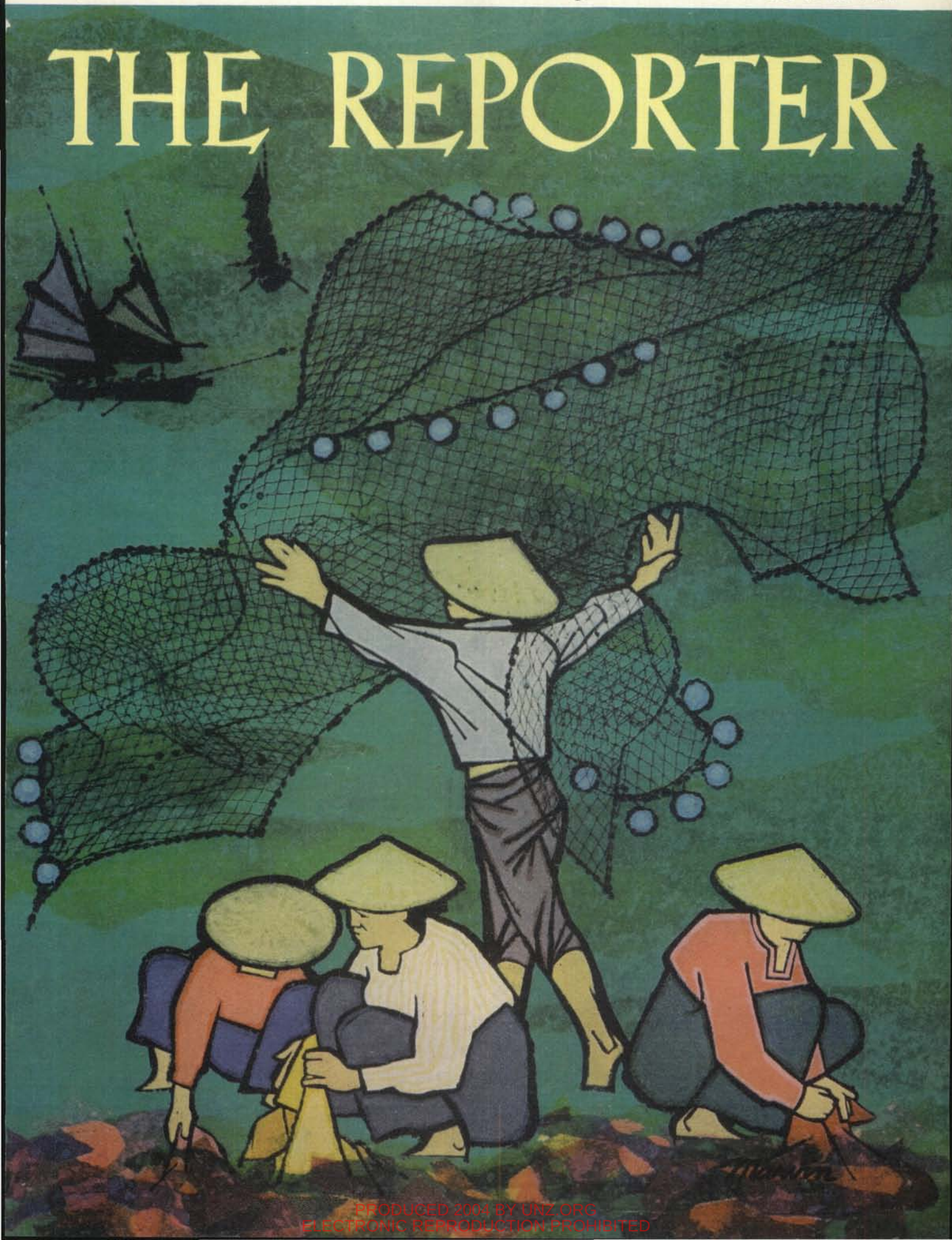
South Vietnam: On the Razor's Edge

CDC May 5, 1966 35¢

Sargent Shriver and the Role of the Poor

THE REPORTER



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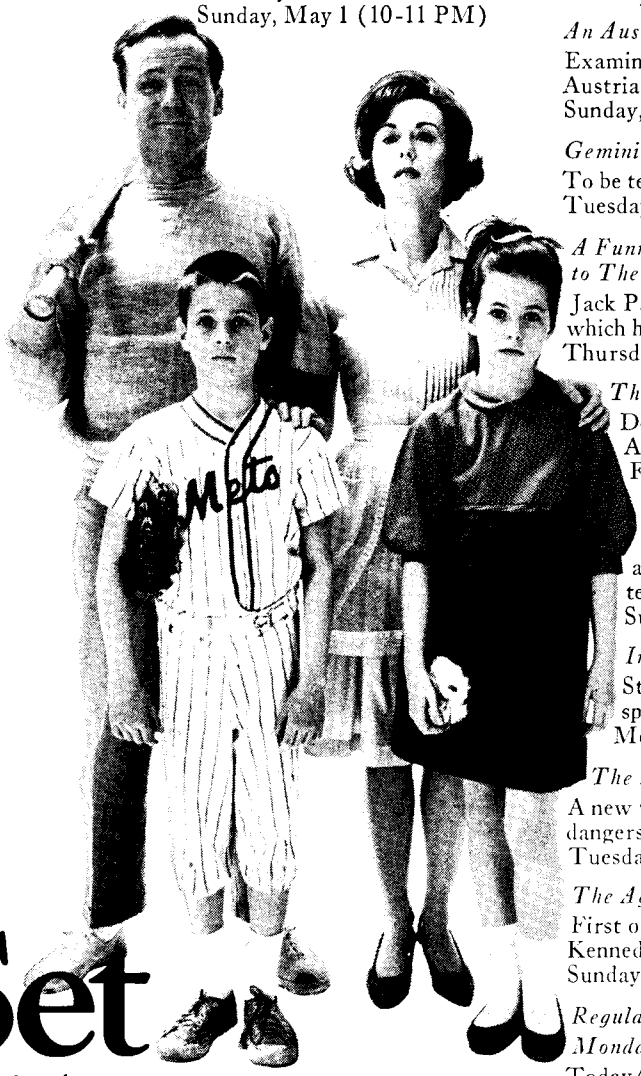

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Operation Sea War: Vietnam
A new kind of land-water war against an enemy without a navy.
Sunday, May 1 (4-5 PM)

Mississippi: A Self Portrait
Opinions of white Mississippians on current social, political and economic changes.
Sunday, May 1 (6:30-7:30 PM)

The Magic of Broadcasting
Entertainment documentary traces the history of radio and television. Arthur Godfrey hosts.
Sunday, May 1 (10-11 PM)

Discovery
The Baird Marionettes; Digging Up a Dinosaur; Alaska, Part I; Alaska, Part II; Hawaii. Sundays, May 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (11:30-12 Noon)

Directions '66
The Bigger They Are, The Harder They Hit; The Pequot Hand; Epilogue: Ballad of Growing Old; Martin Buber; This Is Leo Baeck. Sundays, May 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (1-1:30 PM)

Stravinsky, Man of His Age
Portrait of a musical revolutionary who is still exploring new frontiers.
Tuesday, May 3 (10-11 PM)

Saga of Western Man: I Am a Soldier
Follows a career soldier from West Point to Vietnam.
Sunday, May 8 (8-9 PM)

"Death of a Salesman"
Arthur Miller's drama stars Lee J. Cobb, George Segal and Mildred Dunnock.
Sunday, May 8 (9-11 PM)

Lyndon Johnson's Texas
President Johnson tours the Texas Hill Country of his childhood.
Monday, May 9 (10-11 PM)

An Austrian Affair
Examines signs of neo-Nazi revival in Austria.
Sunday, May 15 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Gemini Launching
To be televised on all networks.
Tuesday, May 17 (tentative)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to The White House
Jack Paar narrates humorous incidents which have enlivened American history.
Thursday, May 19 (8:30-9:30 PM)

The Anatomy of Defense
Documentary on the roles of America's military forces.
Friday, May 20 (7:30-8:30 PM)

18th Annual Emmy Awards
The Academy of Television Arts and Sciences cites achievements in television.
Sunday, May 22 (10-11:30 PM)

In Search of Man
Studies the universe's most complex species: Man.
Monday, May 23 (10-11 PM)

The National Drivers Test
A new test, timed to alert drivers to dangers of long summer weekends.
Tuesday, May 24 (10-11 PM)

The Age of Kennedy
First of two programs on John F. Kennedy, the man and the politician.
Sunday, May 29 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday:
Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS Reports

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/Golf with Sam Snead/Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Frontiers of Faith/Directions '66/Issues and Answers/American Sportsman/Sports in Action/Vietnam Weekly Review College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: Times (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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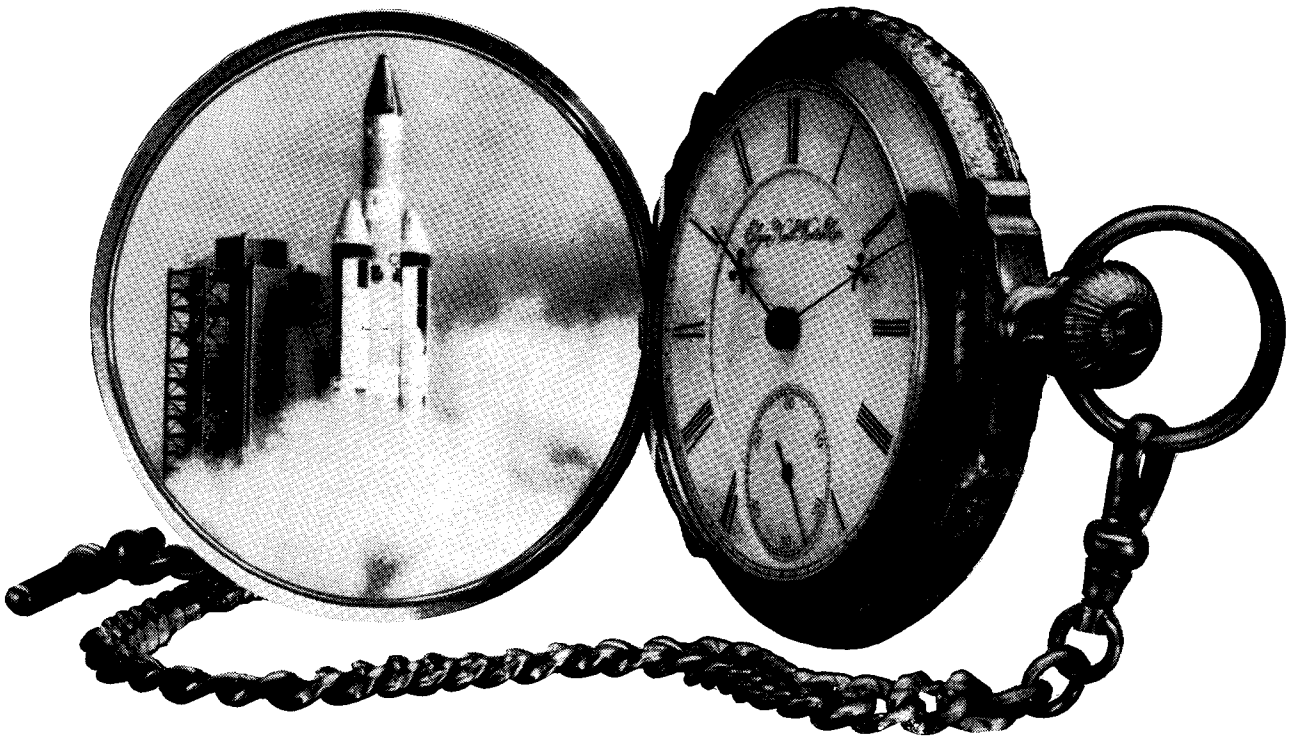

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THERE HAS BEEN great excitement in our country about the "authentic and free choice" that in a few months is to be offered the people of South Vietnam. Their northern brothers did not have such a luxury, but who questions the legitimacy of Communist régimes? **Max Ascoli** takes a jaundiced view of the whole affair and does not see what kind of political freedom the unhappy people of South Vietnam will enjoy. . . . There is some consolation to be derived from the article from Saigon of staff writer **Denis Warner.** The situation he describes is still very fluid and the Vietcong in saffron robes have not yet won the battle. . . . The current crisis has paralyzed the effort to aid Vietnam's peasants agreed upon at Honolulu. But the pause provides an opportunity to reassess past and present programs in this vital sector. **Stanley Andrews** has studied the problems of rural Vietnam at close range and has unusual credentials for proposing remedies. Mr. Andrews is a Texas citrus farmer who has held numerous high posts in government, notably that of administrator of the Point Four program under the Truman and Eisenhower administrations.

THREE not so little words—"maximum feasible participation"—have entangled Federal and city officials and spokesmen for the poor in a hassle over what role the latter should play in planning and administering the poverty program. The interested parties had taken to bypassing established channels in pursuit of their advantage, while the OEO director, Sargent Shriver, has confused matters further by shifting his position with the political wind. Lately, according to our former staff writer **Barbara Carter,** the strongest pressures have been for minimizing the maximum clause. . . . Anyone who has suffered with **William R. Frye** the ordeal of an income-tax audit will appreciate his plea for a new avenue of appeal from the government's often arbitrary rulings. Mr. Frye writes a newspaper column, "The World in Focus," from the United Nations. . . . **Adam Ulam** interprets the first Soviet Communist Party Congress since the fall of Nikita Khrushchev from his vantage point as a reasearch associate at the Russian Research Center at Harvard. . . . Inured as we are to the idea of the government picking up the tab for all manner of special-interest projects, we were nevertheless surprised by the boldness of a cotton-industry proposal now before the Senate. **Julius Duscha** is a reporter for the Washington *Post* and the author of *Taxpayers' Hayride* (Little, Brown), a history of farm problems from the New Deal to the Billie Sol Estes case. . . . To own an automobile is the dream of every up-and-coming citizen of the Communist-bloc countries of Europe; but the few who succeed in acquiring one soon discover that their troubles have only begun, according to **Alexander Bregman,** chief editorial writer of *Dziennik Polski,* a Polish-language newspaper published in London.

Alfred Kazin, one of our most distinguished literary critics, considers in this issue the work of his generation, those writers whose output, flowering after the Second World War, has been in the forefront of attention for the past twenty years—"So many talents, some good books, many interesting minds." Mr. Kazin's classic study *On Native Grounds* is available in Harcourt hardback and Anchor paperback. The first two volumes of his autobiography, *A Walker in the City* and *Starting Out in the Thirties,* are distributed by Evergreen and Atlantic Monthly Press respectively. The lines from "In Memory of W. B. Yeats" are from the *The Collected Poetry of W. H. Auden* (copyright, 1940, by W. H. Auden), and are reprinted by permission of Random House. . . . **Monica Sterba,** who makes a first appearance in our pages, is a young American writer, currently living abroad. . . . **Roland Gelatt,** editor in chief of *High Fidelity,* comments regularly on musical matters in these pages. . . . **John Alexander Allen** teaches in the Department of English at Hollins College in Virginia. . . . **Jay Jacobs,** executive editor of *Arts* magazine, has contributed both articles and illustrations to *The Reporter* over the years. . . . **Philip Herrera** is on the staff of *Fortune.*

Our cover is by **Frederic Marvin.**

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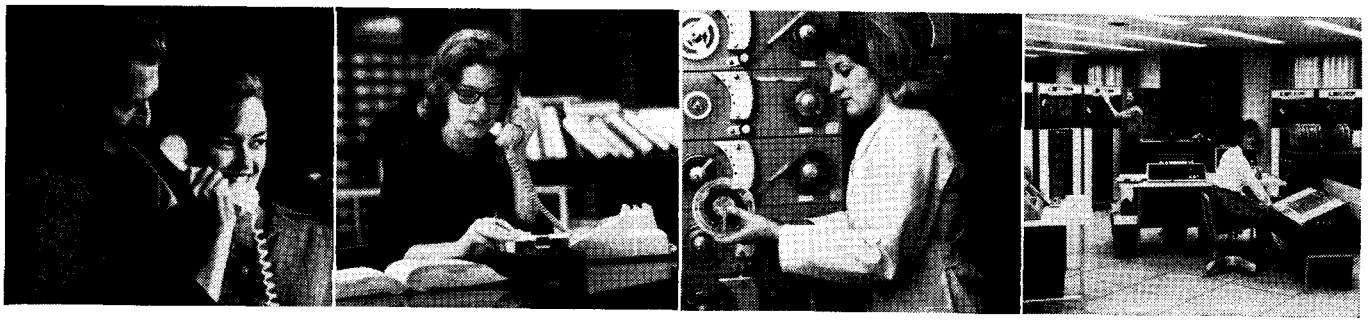
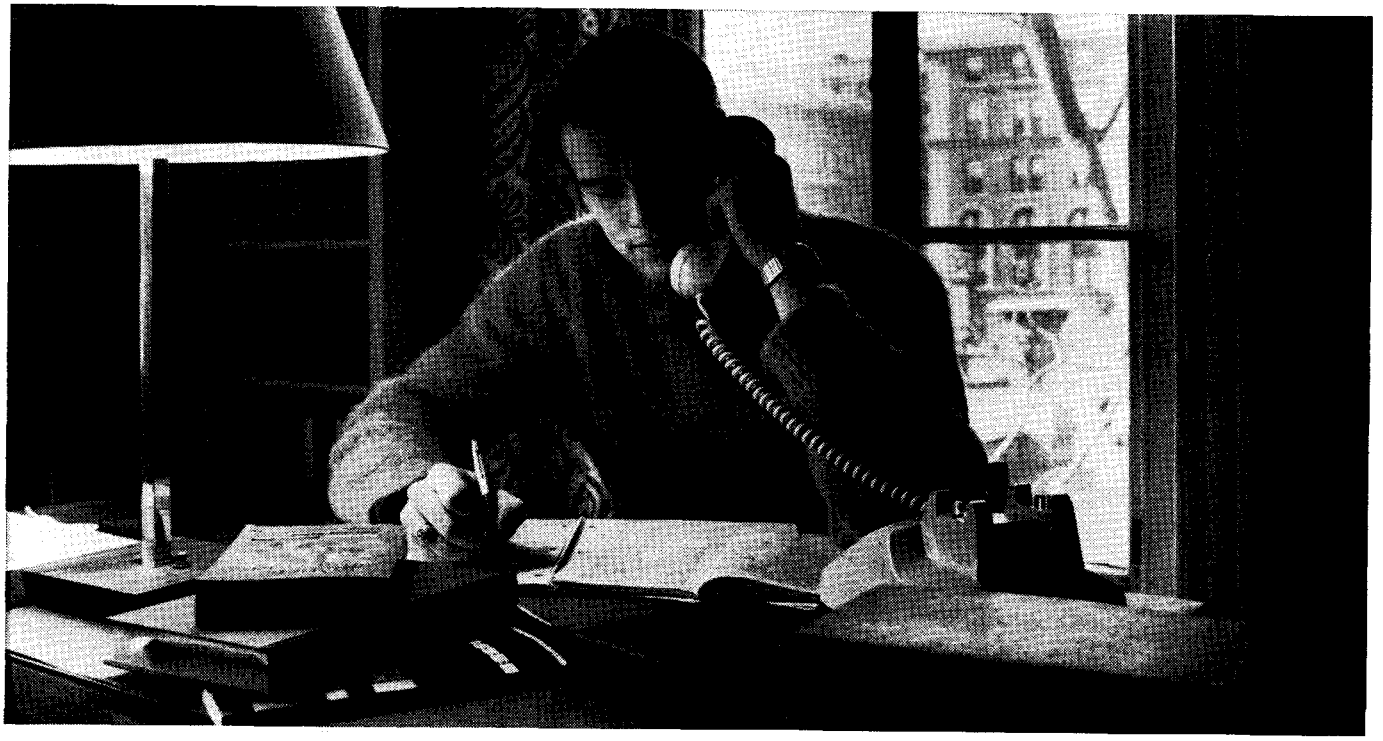


The expanding universe of today's student. His phone gives him easy contact with family and access to information stored in libraries, learning labs and computers.



A new era opens in educational communications

This year dormitory rooms at hundreds of colleges will have their own telephones.

What's happening? A new era in college dormitory life? Yes indeed. Colleges are installing room phones to help today's serious student use his time more prudently . . . to talk with family, friends and others without standing in line at a public phone.

Colleges—and other institutions of learning, too—are facing up to the twin explosions of population and information by looking more and more to communications. On many campuses, for example, the student will use his phone to "attend" language labs and to retrieve other information recorded on tape. More students than ever before will be able to share lab facilities.

Soon the telephone will be used to get information from computers or set up problems for solution. Some colleges and high schools are already using teletypewriters for computer-assisted instruction.

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CHINA

To the Editor: I wish to commend you for "The Scholarship Virus" ("The Reporter's Notes," April 7).

Unfortunately, careless handling of such statements as that of the "China experts" is becoming almost frequent. We see American wire services and newspapers playing up results of biased polls, statements by high-sounding organizations or committees, and demonstrations by groups of doubtful importance.

Deception by supposedly responsible persons is bad enough, but for American journalists to be taken in by such stunts of press-agentry is a reflection upon their tradition of energetic pursuit of truthful information.

In addition, building up of such releases of "largely spurious authority" into a story of major significance illustrates that even stalwarts among American newspapers are capable of letting sentiment influence their presentation of news.

REGINALD WESTMORELAND
Associate Professor
of Journalism
North Texas State University
Denton

To the Editor: I wonder if your real objection to the New York *Times*'s prominent publication of the farsighted statement on the long-overdue revision of our policy toward Peking is not the qualifications of the signers (isn't this an issue that concerns us all, scholars or not?) but the statement itself. This, I believe, was the motivation of identical criticisms of the *Times* by persons and organizations of the Committee of One Million pro-Chiang stripe. It is disappointing to see *The Reporter*, famed for its exposure of the China Lobby, lining up with these tired propagandists of the status quo.

ANDREW COATES
Cambridge, Massachusetts

CANADIAN DEFENSE

To the Editor: In his article "Canada's Bold Defense Experiment" (*The Reporter*, March 24), Frederick Nossal regrettably failed to examine the best prop and hope for success of Paul Hellyer's integration of Canada's armed forces—the integration, beginning in 1947, of Canadian service education.

For almost two decades, at Kingston, Ontario, Royal Roads, British Columbia, and St. Jean, Quebec, candidates for commissions have lived and studied together during their formative and impressionable years under combined faculties, military and civilian. These are now the officers who can build the structure Mr. Hellyer wants.

History, however, points to some rocks and shoals ahead. Theodore Roosevelt, with verve not unlike that of Hellyer, amalgamated the U.S. naval engineer corps with the line. The best of the engineer officers, including the late Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy, then flocked to line assignments where duties were easier and prospects better. The resulting machinery deterioration of the fleet was dramatized by the blowing up of the U.S.S. *Bennington*. The original separation had to be restored.

In the nonintegrated U.S. armed services after the Second World War, stress on nuclear weapons caused both Army and Navy to go into this area where there was money and prestige. Primary functions, infantry warfare and control of sea communications, were neglected so that today the efficiency of both these services for limited warfare leaves much to be desired. However, thanks to statutory checks, we still have them.

Paul Hellyer's new National Defense Establishment will have six functional and adaptable commands, instead of the present three fixed services. If he can guarantee that the Air Transport Command will not become the fair-haired boys and the Maritime Command the poor relations, the Canadian people should be for it; otherwise, not.

JOHN D. HAYES
Rear Admiral, U.S.N. (Ret.)
Annapolis, Maryland

PRE-EMPTIVE REVOLUTION

To the Editor: The principal difficulty in Professor Wildavsky's Theory of Preemptive Revolution (that the U.S. should back Communist revolutions in hopeless countries—"The Reporter's Notes," April 7) is that it already has been tried, unsuccessfully. Undoubtedly, the United States committed its fatal error in instigating the Latin-American Communist revolution ahead of those in Asia and Africa. Given time to learn from their experience in Cuba, the Russians were able to send right-wing counter-revolutionaries to Indonesia and Ghana in time to avert further disasters. They are now attempting to liquidate their position in Cuba, and only the most skillful American diplomacy has prevented our reacquiring yet another "sinkhole."

EDWIN GRAHAM MCBRIDE
George Washington University
Law School
Washington, D.C.

VARESE

To the Editor: In his retrospective piece about the composer Edgard Varèse ("Scoring the D Train," *The Reporter*, April 7), Frederic V. Grunfeld has provided us with another of his useful and precisely written evaluations. Unfortunately, like so many exercises in contemporary artistic nihilism, Varèse's work is far more interesting to read about than to listen to. Hearing such pieces as "Ionisation" or "Hyperprism," one wonders if the composer had an "Olympian scorn" for such "anachronisms" as people, as well as violins and cellos.

ALEN MACWEENEY
New York City

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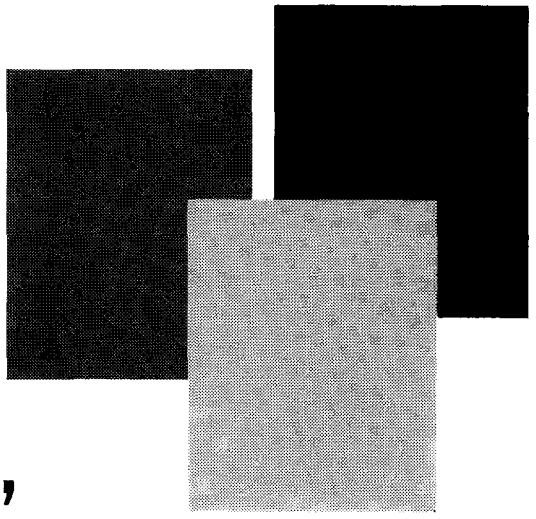
A Spectrum of Modern European HISTORY



Red, Black, Green

MARXISM IN MODERN FRANCE

George Lichtheim

The interplay between the French and German intellectual traditions furnishes the central theme of this study which successfully combines historical treatment of Marxist theory with a sociological analysis of modern France. "A valuable contribution... will be of interest to serious scholars and students in the field of contemporary political and intellectual history." —ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI, *Director of the Research Institute on Communist Affairs, Columbia University* $6.75

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Fritz Ernst

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Soviet Justice in Action

Apart from the human injustice, the most striking feature of the Moscow trial of Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel was its clear demonstration that socialist realism, "the basic method of Soviet artistic literature and criticism," is a mere extension of Article 70 of the Soviet Criminal Code. Article 70 states: "Agitation or propaganda carried on for the purpose of subverting or weakening Soviet authority or of committing particular especially dangerous crimes against the state, or circulating for the same purpose slanderous fabrications which defame the Soviet state and social system, or circulating or preparing or keeping, for the same purpose, literature of such content . . ."

At the outset, the court announced that it would not investigate the literary merits of the two writers but only the question of whether their works constituted a criminally punishable deed. Sinyavsky for his part stated his firm conviction that a court inquiry into an artistic text is unfeasible because of the impossibility of determining juridically the significance of a work of art.

Thus prosecution and defense were at cross purposes throughout the trial, at times with dramatic effect, always with the eerie effect of split consciousness—almost as though the questions had been put at one trial and the answers given at another. The prosecution was attacking fictional characters by name as if they were real-life citizens, while the writers patiently tried to explain the nature of the creative process. As a result, the Soviet state appeared throughout the trial as the victim of some sort of hallucination.

From the beginning, the prosecution decided to emphasize libel. But to prove libel it was necessary to establish the nature of the beast. This the court tried to do:

"Judge: 'I should like to clarify something. Just imagine a community apartment. There Ivanova quarrels with Siderova. If Ivanova writes that there is a certain lady who makes life miserable for another lady then it is a hint, a figurative expression. But if she writes that Siderova puts dirt in her soup, then this is subject to juridical inquiry, as something in the nature of a denunciation. Or as slander . . . But you speak directly of the Soviet government, not of ancient Babylon but of an actual government, that this government declared a "day of public murder" and you indicate the date—the 10th of August 1961. Is this a literary device or straight slander?'

"Daniel: 'I will use your example. If Ivanova writes that Siderova flies on a broomstick or changes into an animal in the literal sense, then this will be a literary device and not slander. I deliberately took a fantastic situation.' "

In attempting to ground the guilt of an author in his relationship to his characters, the Soviet state has simply demonstrated how far it will go to protect any threat to its own self-interest. The rigid logic of the prosecution raises the question of what will happen when the KGB catches whoever smuggled out the transcript. Will it take the position that circulation of a transcript of Soviet justice in action is a criminally punishable deed under Article 70?

Dominican Double-Talk

In a few weeks the people of the Dominican Republic will go to the polls to choose once again a leader who they hope will bring some measure of political sanity and economic order out of their bloody and disordered past. One can only pray that they will succeed, but the auguries are not reassuring. The political atmosphere is already overheated, with the two ex-Presidents who are the leading candidates trading charges of Communism versus Yankee stoogeism, while their followers conduct minor guerrilla operations in the back streets. Joaquin Balaguer is constantly attended by armed guards wherever his campaigning takes him. Juan Bosch is protected by a bodyguard of the black-uniformed frogmen who fought with the rebel forces last spring.

Far more unsettling is the fact that there has been no visible increment of political courage or clarity of purpose in the man who many believe will win the election. Juan Bosch, an unmistakably talented and tortured man, has developed a curious style of politics that might be called leadership by absence. Last year, throughout the revolution launched to restore him to power, he remained in Puerto Rico. After returning to Santo Domingo last fall, he refused to budge from his heavily guarded home or even to assume the leadership of his party until early April, when his physical presence was required at his party's convention to receive the nomination. Since then he has conducted his campaign mainly by radio and TV.

At times Bosch seems to favor leadership by proxy. A few days before accepting the nomination, he proposed the candidacy of Colonel Francisco Caamaño Deño, former rebel leader and head of the "Constitutionalist" government. A more certain way to resumption of the civil war would be hard to imagine. Indeed, Bosch's talents for simultaneous and indiscriminate alienation seem undiminished. In late April the Castroite 14th of June Movement offered to support him if he would pledge a policy of "absolute repudiation of the participation of North American imperialism in Dominican life." Bosch rejected the offer and denounced the leaders of the Movement for having fallen

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victim to rightist maneuvers. "Once more," he declared in one of his daily broadcasts, "the confusion and agitation that the extreme Right and its North American allies want to see in this country will try to destroy the Dominican democratic movement."

If this kind of double-talk and demagoguery is the price he is willing to pay for victory at the polls, the Dominican people might well be better off without him.

Accidents Will Happen

It has been years now since the late Charlie Wilson did or did not utter the immortal line, "What's good for General Motors is good for the country," and the story that ensued ought to have stood for all time as a lesson in bad public relations in Detroit. Not so. Now comes a remarkable statement by Henry Ford II on the subject of safety and the responsibility of automotive manufacturers. On April 15, during an inspection of a new plant, he asked Congress to take note that what was bad for Ford could be disaster for the nation.

The recent hearings on safety and the automobile by Senator Abraham Ribicoff's Senate subcommittee had evidently been getting under Ford's skin. "We are being attacked on all sides," he complained, "and we feel that these attacks are unwarranted." Though he found it deplorable that fifty thousand Americans are killed on the road every year, he condemned the auto-safety debate as "harassment." He had a simpler solution than changes in auto design: "The driver is the most important factor, because, if you drive safely, accidents won't happen." Still, three days later, following similar actions by Chrysler and General Motors, the Ford Motor Company announced that it was calling in some thirty thousand of its 1966 models to correct a potentially dangerous production defect.

The Senate hearings and the threat of Federal regulation have been brought upon the industry by its indifference to the mounting demands of safety experts and the public. But even at this late hour Ford was able to say, "If these critics who don't really know anything about safety of an automobile will get out of our way, we can go ahead with our job. . . ." Car safety, he implied, was not the business of the government.

Ford saved his heavy ammunition for the last. Had the Senators and Representatives who were concerned with the safety problem (presumably as opposed to the know-nothing critics, they were "men of good will") considered the possible economic consequences of the laws they were contemplating? The automotive industry was, after all, "the most important industry in the economic picture of the United States." If Congress should "fool around with model changes" or do "something that is irrational," Ford warned, it could "upset the economy of this country very rapidly. . . ." There were some who saw Ford's words not as a rebuttal but as an outright threat.

If he had forgotten for a moment that we are no longer in the days of Calvin Coolidge when industry's word was law and Bruce Barton enshrined Jesus as the perfect chairman of the board, that was typical of the Fords. As his grandfather once put it, "History is the bunk."

A Morse of a Different Color

The balloting in Oregon's Democratic primary on May 24 and the election in November to fill the Senate seat being vacated by a Democrat, Maurine Neuberger, may come close to being a referendum on the President's policy in Vietnam.

Governor Mark O. Hatfield, the Republican candidate for Senator, has made Vietnam the issue. At the National Governors' Conference in July, he alone among the Republicans refused to sign a resolution supporting the President's policy, issuing instead a "statement of concern" in which he warned that the United States "cannot undertake the military defense and economic development of all peoples." More recently, he urged a renewed moratorium on bombing and Vietcong representation in peace negotiations.

Democrats, who had been frantically searching for an issue on which to defeat the popular and successful governor, thought they saw an opening. Party leaders in Washington persuaded Robert Duncan of Medford, who goes all the way with LBJ, to give up his safe seat in the House to make the race. Duncan immediately issued a statement deploring the "discordant symphony of dissension and disagreement that can immobilize this country and . . . destroy our effectiveness as a leader of the free world. . . ."

But Oregon is also the home of the President's most virulent critic, Senator Wayne Morse, and not all Democrats welcomed Duncan's candidacy. Former Federal Power Commissioner Howard Morgan of Portland, after expressing his disappointment that Duncan had not joined "in the grave doubts that General Gavin, Senator Mansfield, Senator Fulbright and other wise men have about administration policy," announced that he would enter the Democratic primary with Morse's backing.

The day before Duncan announced his candidacy, Hatfield tempered his Vietnam position and disassociated himself somewhat from Morse's stand by wiring the Oregon Congressional delegation his support for the President's request for more money for the war. Oregon political observers felt that Hatfield was merely giving himself maneuvering room on Vietnam for the uncertain months ahead. If Morgan should win over Duncan in an upset on May 24, Vietnam would be all but eliminated as an issue in the November election. But if, as is expected, Duncan gains the Democratic nomination, it will be *the* issue and a nationally significant test of the potency of "peace" in political contests to come. The administration is therefore expected to dispatch its biggest guns to help knock off Hatfield.

Oscar for Hendrik

In case any of our readers missed it, we reprint a Reuters dispatch from Stellenbosch, South Africa:

"This year's Hendrik Verwoerd Award is to go to Prime Minister Hendrik F. Verwoerd. The Verwoerd Trust Fund, set up to honor the Prime Minister and recognize 'exceptional service,' announced the choice today."

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MAX ASCOLI

The Freedom to End Freedom

AMONG the Senators dedicated to the making of solemn pronouncements on foreign affairs, Mr. Mansfield, the Majority Leader, holds a unique position because of his unerring gift for carrying the ideas he espouses to solemn absurdity. His thinking is somber and so is his earnest dedication to the national interest. Perhaps he renders a rare service: policies widely debated by the public and within the administration are, to use his word, "distilled" in his major statements, and the distillation quickly goes to gather dust in the cellar.

The list is long. In February, 1959, he made two speeches on the floor of the Senate suggesting that the discussion on the reunification of Germany be left to the leaders of the two Germanys, who would talk and talk, strictly among themselves, and then bring forth their proposals of national unification for approval and guarantee by the three western powers and the Soviet Union. Berlin would be neutralized and unified under U.N. auspices.

Senator Mansfield kept plugging away at German reunification with a dedicated obduracy, based, we think, on a thorough misapprehension of Communist totalitarianism and on the unshakable belief that Yes, Virginia, there is a United Nations. This approach, together with his background as a professor of Asian affairs, prepared him to offer his solutions for the Vietnamese and South Asian problems.

Hanoi's four points are negotiable, according to a major Mansfield speech on September 1, 1965. Their demands for "the independence, sovereignty, unity, and territorial integrity of the people of Vietnam" the Senator seems to accept as an ultimate aim, irrespective of the different inclinations of the people concerned toward Communism. "Settlement of the internal affairs of South Vietnam . . . in accordance with the program of the Vietcong's political representation, the National Liberation Front" must have been a troublesome prospect for the Senator from Montana. As usual, talk about negotiating on the four points stopped soon after his speech.

THE LATEST Mansfield declaration is true to form: with its constant praises for the President's policy, it has an officious if not an official quality. The one basic factor of American policy in Vietnam, according to the Senator, is that it aims at the "establishment of conditions, through negotiations, which will assure and safeguard an authentic and free choice to the people of South Vietnam as to their political future and as to their ultimate relationship with North Vietnam."

If we are not mistaken, the American presence in South Vietnam has aimed since the beginning at evening the balance between the two sections of the country, and the increasing Communist pressure has led to our greater and greater involvement. Now negotiations have less of a role to play than ever in redressing the balance. The internal disarray in South Vietnam demands the unrelenting punishment of the enemy on the battlefield and a far closer watchfulness of the conflicting, riotous factions that are, or pretend to be, on our side. Otherwise, what kind of civil order can we help bring into existence to be ratified by the people of South Vietnam?

According to Senator Mansfield, things have been moving at an accelerated pace in South Vietnam as a result of those riots which have been hailed by some leading members of the administration as evidence of political maturity. Early elections might well do the trick of establishing order, bypassing the need of negotiations. In fact, the people of South Vietnam will decide not only for themselves but for the American people. If the South Vietnamese tell the U. S. Army to go, go it will, as Senators Stennis and Russell have gloomily stated.

There seems to be general reliance in this country on "an authentic and free choice" in a few months by the people of South Vietnam, and there seems to be no reason to be shocked or surprised, considering how many times the leaders of the administration, from the President down, have reiterated that the aim of our government in Vietnam and Southeast Asia is to allow a free choice to peoples whose freedom is under attack. Nothing could be truer —provided that there is a long-range timetable that gives people under attack, assisted by our country, enough of a chance to defend themselves against physical threat, rebuild the fabric of their society, and choose the changes they want.

BUT WHEN the nerves and muscles of men have been so torn and twisted that they are ready to make the one political choice that will unfit them for any more choices, ever: when there is a chance that a majority will make the choice that dissolves the very notion of majority into irremovable totality—then elections are a beastly joke.

It has been said even too often that no country has voted itself into totalitarian Communism. Maybe the comrades have been long preparing a surprise for us in an Asian land that has become familiar to all Americans, where American soldiers have fought bravely and many of them have been laid to rest.

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How Much Power Does Tri Quang Want?

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

"IF WE WANT to keep Vietnam out of Communist hands, we must split the Unified Buddhist Church," a leading lay Buddhist told me when the demonstrators had departed from the streets of Saigon and when even Hué and Danang were back in a state of relative normality. "They may be split by money or by political maneuvering, but they must be split at any cost."

A politician of stature had similar views: "I don't need a commission of inquiry to tell me that the Vietcong were involved in what happened in Hué, Danang, and Dalat," he said. "This was an exact repetition of what we saw when the Vietminh took over Hanoi in 1945. What sort of ideological motivations do you associate with a group that hoists a banner reading 'Down With Russian Revisionism'?"

One considered American assessment of the events in Hué and Danang was even blunter: "There is strong although admittedly only inferential evidence to suggest that Communist influence in the Hué Student Struggle Movement Committee is so massive that it is no longer a question of infiltration but of outright control. And in Hué, the Central Struggle Committee is in effect the government."

Some observers here regard these conclusions as extreme, and in any event the elements in this obviously bleak political situation are not all negative. The "Baby Turks," as the militant group of younger army officers is called, had been ready to take strong action in defense of law and order until the Unified Buddhist Church issued its decree on April 15 suspending its struggle to overthrow the government of Premier Nguyen Cao Ky. The militant anti-Communist northern Catholics, once divided into two contending groups, had joined forces under an eight-man presidium. And finally the National Political Congress, which the government sponsored to get itself off the hook, had, to the surprise of many observers, proved a substantial success.

Thich Tri Quang, the Buddhists' most militant and most ambitious leader, preferred not to face the challenge of continuing his campaign to topple the government in view of its promise to hold elections within three to five months and then step aside in favor of civilian rule. Having taken two steps forward, he was quite willing to take one step back. By withdrawing in this way, however, Tri Quang, who had organized the campaigns that destroyed the governments of Ngo Dinh Diem and Tran Van Huong, and who had sworn to bring down what he described as Ky's "rotten" government, in no way diminished his authority. He has emerged from the crisis that he himself engineered as the most significant and potentially dangerous political force in South Vietnam—not excluding the Vietcong.

The United States embassy, which gave him shelter for sixty-four days in 1963 when he was hunted by the Diem régime, continues to accept his protestations that he is not a Communist. Others who know him better are less certain. But in any event, where there is an identity of interest between the Vietcong's goals and his own, Tri Quang cheerfully accepts an alliance of convenience, carrying with him not merely his immediate xenophobic followers but also those who have no qualms about supping with the devil.

Thi and Tri

This, essentially, was the story of the March-April crisis, in which the judgments of both the Ky government and the United States embassy sometimes seemed to go tragically astray, while Tri Quang never seemed to make a wrong move.

Premier Ky and Chief of State Nguyen Van Thieu returned from the Honolulu Conference with President Johnson in February to find the leadership of the four corps areas in disarray. In the First Corps, General Nguyen Chanh Thi, after having appointed divisional commanders, province chiefs, and police district officials, was now levying his own taxes on bars, restaurants, and taxi dancers. He accepted from Saigon only those orders which met with his approval. This prompted Ky, perhaps unwisely but nevertheless accurately, to compare him with Ngo Dinh Can, Diem's brother who ruled central Vietnam as a private fief and was executed after the 1963 coup.

Of all the corps commanders, Thi

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was by far the strongest—in character and personality and as a soldier. Once, when some Americans violated the curfew in Danang, he had them arrested along with Vietnamese offenders. He was also openly patronizing to Ky, referring to him publicly as "my little brother." Since the 25th Division, serving in the Saigon area, was commanded by one of Thi's men and since Thi had also appointed Colonel Pham Van Lieu director general of national police (Lieu was one of his fellow conspirators in the abortive coup against Diem in 1960 and had fled with him to Cambodia), he also had significant potential strength close to the main seat of power.

In the Second Corps, with headquarters at Pleiku, General Vinh Loc had his own differences with Ky and the Directory over the handling of the Montagnard tribesmen. He too accepted orders only when they suited him and once had even arrested one of Ky's officials in Saigon. And in the Fourth Corps, General Dang Van Quang, based at Can Tho in the Mekong Delta, had frequently gone on the air saying that he no longer needed the Americans.

EARLY in March Ky visited Thi and a simmering feud burst over the conference table. "How long do I have to pay attention to this man?" Thi said to his subordinates, and thereafter ignored the Premier. Buddhist Thi is a native of central Vietnam and had clearly established for himself a considerable following (quite apart from his judicious appointments to positions of trust only of those whose loyalty was primarily to himself). Therefore Ky moved cautiously. At all costs he wanted to avoid the risk of provoking Thi into attempting a coup d'état. The attitude of the Buddhists, and in particular that of Tri Quang, whose power in central Vietnam rivaled that of Thi himself, was especially important. Tri Quang, though ostensibly friendly toward Thi, had in fact never forgiven him for executing three Vietcong prisoners who the monk claimed were innocent Buddhists.

To Ky's private inquiries, Tri Quang replied that he would have no objection to Thi's removal. Reinforced by these assurances, convinced that he could handle the 25th Division in the capital (which has the highest desertion rate of any unit in the Vietnamese Army), and convinced also that Colonel Lieu and his police could be contained, Ky presented his plans to the American embassy. Though opinion there was divided, the majority believed that Thi's dismissal would strengthen the Directory and the government.

And so plan and counterplan were laid. The ruling military directory called Thi to Saigon on a pretext and presented him with a *fait accompli*. The first vote was seven for his ouster with two abstentions and Thi alone in opposition. The second vote was unanimous, with Thi casting his own vote in favor of his dismissal. "You might say he was ambushed and decided to surrender," said a Vietnamese informant.

When it came to ambushes, however, Tri Quang had much bigger game in mind than Thi. He had agreed not to oppose the removal of Thi but he had said nothing about refraining from using the opportunity to press his own war against the government. With Tri Quang's men demanding constitutional reform (a convenient pretext for clamor) and Thi's followers at first demonstrating in simple protest against his dismissal, central Vietnam began to forget the war against the Vietcong and turned against the Saigon government. Colonel Dam Quang Yeu, commander of the Quang Nam special force, put troops into Danang and the headquarters of the 1st Division, and police and civil servants took to the streets in protest. Impressed by Thi's assurances that he was opposed to the demonstrations, Ky sent him to central Vietnam for forty-eight hours to restore order. Thi stayed on and the crisis mounted.

Vietminh Tactics

In Hué and Danang, Communists, non-Communists, and anti-Communists now made common cause with the Vietcong, seeking to exploit the exploitable. Tri Quang's Force to Fight for Democracy took general strategic control, while the Student Struggle Movement Committees performed as activists. In a radio broadcast and in the columns of *Tranh Thu*, the student newspaper, their propaganda became virtually indistinguishable from that of Hanoi. "The Americans say they are here to defend the country against the Communists," said the April 8 issue of *Tranh Thu*, "but what is there to be defended when the people have lost all their basic rights?" The same article said that Chief of State Thieu, a Catholic and long-time target of Tri Quang's special hostility, had "signed his own death warrant." Typical slogans used by the students were "Down with the Americans Who Protect Ky and Thieu" and "Vietnam for the Vietnamese." In a leaflet distributed throughout Quang Tri Province on April 8, the committee charged that "The United States is prosperous, powerful, and rich through war industry, and is intent on fostering war. Therefore the United States does not really want to put an end to the war in Vietnam."

This was, of course, standard Communist propaganda, as were the organization and operation of the Struggle Committees. To those who remembered the Vietminh tactics of 1945, every action, every manifesto, every decision taken in Hué seemed familiar. "I have no doubt that the Vietcong used this opportunity to compensate for recent military reverses by returning to the political struggle," said a leading authority on the National Liberation Front. "The trouble in Hué provided the chance. I am sure that the penetration work was done long ago and the apparatus simply waited for the appropriate moment."

IN DALAT, a small mountain resort where nearly everyone knows or recognizes everyone else, demonstrators who wrecked the radio station were not recognized. They appeared not to be familiar with the layout of the town and when their task was finished they simply disappeared into the jungle.

In Saigon, Thich Tam Chau's moderate elements of the Institute for the Propagation of the Faith held out as long as expediently possible against Tri Quang's demands for mob action. Once, in a heated scene at the institute, Tam Chau threatened to walk out and form a separate Buddhist movement if Tri Quang went ahead with his plans. Tri Quang apologized after the meeting

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but nevertheless took no steps to prevent a strike in the Hong Lac Buddhist School across the street from the institute.

Infuriated by what he knew to be yet another example of Tri Quang's duplicity, Tam Chau tried to restore order. According to one of his lieutenants, one of the student leaders said to Tam Chau, "Please go away, Venerable, or we will burn your car." Tam Chau got into the car and withdrew.

Unable to prevent the demonstration and with his own leadership at stake, Tam Chau felt he had no alternative but to make the best of what he regarded as a bad job. In several essential ways, however, the pattern of the Saigon demonstrations differed from that of Hué and Danang. No doubt Vietcong agents infiltrated the ranks of the demonstrators; even the banners that were used suggest that this was the case. Yet there was an element of spontaneity, whereas what happened in central Vietnam was carefully organized and its implications were far more sinister.

It was recognition of this aspect that led the American embassy to approve the use of American planes to fly Vietnamese marines to Danang. The hope that a show of force would quickly restore order must have been compelling at the time. In retrospect, however, Tam Chau's judgment that Ky's march on the barricades would be a final disaster seems to have been more accurate than that of the directory or the embassy.

Those in favor of action believed that a real show of force was all that was needed. As Tri Quang must have realized, history was on the point of repeating itself. In August, 1963, he had goaded Ngo Dinh Nhu into striking against the Xa Loi Pagoda, confident, as he told me at the time, that the spilling of Buddhist blood by the government would hasten the end of the Diem régime.

Tam Chau, who was also at Xa Loi, remembered his history too. Moreover, he realized that apart from Ky's marines at Danang airport, the Vietnamese forces in central Vietnam were effectively under Tri Quang's influence. He phoned Ky and pleaded with him to abandon plans for direct action. "If you strike against Danang, I can no longer save you," he said. "Please return right away."

Ky's broadcast from Danang retracting his charge that the city was under Communist control and his abandonment of plans to use force and shoot the mayor marked the turning point in the crisis. If it appreciably shortened the life expectancy of the Ky régime, it averted the possibility, even the probability, of civil war and permitted a cooling-off period.

Elections Without Parties

The American embassy deserves some measure of credit for convening the National Political Congress. While the major decisions were made outside the congress, it had the effect of placing the burden of responsibility for a settlement, however temporary it may prove to be, on a relatively wide sector of Vietnamese society.

Although the Struggle Movement Committees in Danang and Hué sent messages warning the delegates that they were committing treason by their participation, members of the Buddhist Institute, Catholics, and almost all provincial representative groups from other sections attended the congress. If anything can be said to have been even partly successful in this story of government by trial and error, this was it. Responsible political figures such as Dr. Phan Quang Dan, chairman of the Gia Dinh Provincial Council, and Dr. Phan Huy Quat, a former Premier, revealed a considerable capacity for organization and leadership. And Ky's offer to step down from power "right now" if the country wished, coupled with the warning that he would fight "any government which did not secure the people's happiness and defeat the Communists," was much less contradictory or irresponsible than it may have seemed. Though conceding political defeat, he re-emphasized the warning, expressed privately elsewhere, that the Young Turks and Baby Turks were still a force to be reckoned with. Three days later, after Ky had agreed to hold elections, Tri Quang returned to central Vietnam to halt the campaign against the government and the crisis seemed almost a nightmare of the past. Unfortunately, however, it is a specter that already haunts the future.

Among some members of the Directory there is a feeling that the ten-point decisions of the National Political Congress and the acceptance of an early return to civilian rule should still be subject to change and that elections may be conveniently and expediently put off for a longer period.

In realistic administrative terms, the case against holding elections in three or even thirteen months is strong. Just to produce accurate rolls and effective electoral machinery in areas relatively unaffected by the war will be an immensely dangerous task. For the government to hedge or recant, however, would be to revive the crisis on terms wholly advantageous to Tri Quang and his allies and disastrous for the moderates and the war effort generally. Indeed, judging from Tri Quang's past maneuvers, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that this is just what the Buddhist leader may be waiting for. But even assuming that all runs smoothly and that elections are held in late summer or early fall, Tri Quang's position will still be very strong, though not unassailable.

The political leaders of South Vietnam have no parties of significance and cannot hope to organize any mass following in the time available. For the time being, politics will be based on religion and on numbers alone; and the Buddhists, though they may not win a majority of seats,

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will certainly emerge as the largest single force in the Assembly. It is not hard to assess what this would mean in terms of the government's attitudes to the war and its relationship with the United States if Tri Quang remains the controlling power behind the Buddhists. "The Americans have been doing their best to vanquish the Vietcong since 1955. Why haven't they succeeded?" an interviewer asked Tri Quang last year. "It is quite easy to understand," the monk replied. "It was the Americans who gave birth to the Vietcong and indirectly helped them to expand. The people's support is the only factor that can beat the Vietcong. Through their clumsy interference in Vietnamese internal affairs, the Americans have lost the trust and support of the Vietnamese nation. They are losing the war in Vietnam because of their own policies."

THE POSSIBILITY that the situation will ever reach a point where a Vietnamese civilian government asks the United States to leave and enters into direct negotiation or even a coalition with the National Liberation Front is discounted by western diplomats in South Vietnam who are sympathetic to American interests. Ky's warning to the National Political Congress must be accepted with the utmost seriousness, they say. The Young Turks and Baby Turks would act long before such a contingency developed.

However reassuring this confidence may be, the prospect of military action to suppress political views that carry the weight of the electorate's endorsement is far from appealing. The real hope, in fact, is that even without money or political maneuvering, Tam Chau's moderate Buddhists in the south will divorce themselves from Tri Quang's opportunism and adventurism in the center. Relations between the two men have never been worse, and increasingly Tam Chau will be exposed to pressure from Buddhist laymen who understand the dangers in Tri Quang's militant course. "The genuinely anti-Communist Buddhists probably number a couple of million and many others who are apathetic would be anti-Communist if they knew the truth," one layman told me. "It is up to us to do something about it."

Red Tape And Broken Promises

STANLEY ANDREWS

LAST OCTOBER I returned to South Vietnam, where since 1960 I had served three times as an adviser on problems of rural development. On this trip I was sent by the State Department to appraise how United States aid could be made more effective politically and socially in the rural areas. During my visits I have traveled from Dalat and Pleiku, in the central highlands, to Hué, in the north near the 17th parallel, to Rachgia, in the southwest on the Gulf of Siam, visiting villages and hamlets in about half of the forty-odd provinces. Nowhere did I hear much expression of support, not to mention enthusiasm, for the government in Saigon. Even among the reasonably well-to-do landowners, it was usually something like "Now that the Americans have come in, we will win." The villagers certainly were not helpful in passing on what they knew about Vietcong activities, even in the so-called pacified areas. Peasants were, as always, working quietly in the rice paddies, or peddling nuts, pineapples, and cakes along the roadsides, or washing clothes in a stream, apparently paying not the slightest attention to the gunfire or the helicopters overhead.

One explanation the villagers give for their behavior is that they are weary of all the shooting and shouting that has been going on, in one form or the other, for nearly twenty years; another is that if they stop their work and look up at a helicopter, the Vietcong will mark them as American sympathizers and harass them; and if they run for cover, the Americans will take them for Vietcong and shoot them down. I got the impression that except for the larger landowners (fifty acres is a big holding), the struggle for sheer survival is stronger than any loyalty to government or ideology.

Occasionally, when I saw a community house or a road or some other physical improvement and asked how it was acquired by the village, the usual answer, given with a shrug of the shoulder, was, "That's the Americans' building" or "That's the Seabees' road." Too often, worthwhile installations, such as a freshwater well, are constructed by the Public Works Department with the assistance of some division of AID or the U.S. Army without the local people having any idea of why it is being built, or for whom. Perhaps no more than ten to twenty per cent of American aid has trickled down to the hamlets in a way that the peasants can relate to either the United States or their own government. Most of the aid has benefited the elite and the urban middle class.

The Great Pyramid

Millions upon millions of U.S. dollars and no little effort by the government in Saigon have been directed to the South Vietnamese countryside since 1954. Today in every province open to the South Vietnam government there is an American provincial AID representative paralleling the Vietnamese province chief, with heavy responsibilities in every sector of the economy. When a project is proposed by the local Vietnamese to his superiors in Saigon, the American forwards comments and recommendations on it to his own superiors. But seldom are their ideas compared and correlated by the two authorities in the capital. Some requests for insignificant items must even go on to Washington for approval. The U.S. procurement system is so cumbersome that it is not unusual for simple hand tools or a small pump to arrive from six months to two years after the need for them has been established.

In the eyes of the Vietnamese, the American provincial representative is little more important than was his French counterpart under

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the colonial system. Over him is a regional director responsible for coordinating economic or quasi-military decisions with the army as well as with the Vietnamese. The regional directors, one in each of the four military districts, have ample authority in their dealings with the U.S. Army but they have little authority to act in local problems.

Most of the money and effort expended in rural Vietnam has taken the form of programs conceived in Saigon or Washington. The Strategic Hamlets, the Mobile Cadres, the New Life Villages, the Oil Stain and White and Black Area concepts have all come and mostly gone. They "looked good" at various times to the people who tried to impose them on the villagers, but they were often totally unrelated to the realities of rural South Vietnam.

Beyond Land Reform

Americans tend to assume that land reform, coupled with money and technical advice, will win them popular support in the villages. But the problem is a great deal more subtle and complicated. Land reform is only one aspect of the rural problem and perhaps not the most important, as is evidenced by the failure of the well-intentioned and progressive (by Asian standards) reforms inaugurated after the Diem régime was installed in 1954.

The land problem was one of Diem's first concerns. The French plantations were to be divided up and sold to peasants through long-term loans. A land-reform law was duly passed and local machinery set up when another pressing problem intervened—the resettlement of hundreds of thousands of refugees from the North. Many of these were efficiently settled either on the former French plantations in the Mekong Delta or in the highlands. With machinery supplied by the United States, land was drained and then divided in plots of five to ten acres, houses were built, and roads and communication systems were laid out. In no time the settlers from the North were on their feet, and their farms in the Delta are now showplaces for visiting VIP's. But the South Vietnamese who originally worked on the big plantations did not generally benefit from this program, and the land reforms undertaken on their behalf were slow to take shape.

Diem's land reforms, where they did operate to a degree, were designed to provide land to relatively strong and (again by Asian standards) moderately well-to-do individuals in order to create economically viable production units and to establish a prosperous middle class in the countryside. The objective may have been laudable in western eyes, but the peasants found themselves still tenants, under new bosses and on smaller plots of land. The system merely confirmed the landless farmer in his conviction that nothing good could be expected to come out of Saigon.

Large numbers of small tracts appropriated from the French have been kept under government control and are commonly put up for rent to the highest bidder. I talked to a villager who was farming his ancestral acre and a half in vegetables and paying about $100 rent for five acres of government-owned rice land on which he was allowed to plant one crop a year. By selling his vegetables he was able to buy a few clothes and other necessities for his nine children. The rice he planted on the rented acres went entirely to feed his family. Although this villager would, or course, have liked to own the five-acre plot, his immediate problems could be assuaged by lifting the bureaucratic embargo on the planting of two crops and allowing longer rentals of government-owned land.

Another farmer in the same hamlet told me that he desperately needed two sacks of cement. I assumed, since his bamboo house had only a dirt floor, that he wanted to put in a hard floor, but he told me he wanted the cement to make a slab for his water buffalo to stand on so that he could save its droppings as fertilizer during the wet season instead of letting them be trampled into the mud. In another hamlet I talked with a man who kept his four oxen tied under a shed and carried them green feed daily so that he could save the manure. This was so valuable to him that he rarely worked the oxen. The bureaucratic answer to both problems would be to recommend chemical fertilizer. But getting a fifty-pound sack of ammonium sulphate up a bomb-pocked road to the villager's little plot is no easy job. No matter how many tons are stored in Quinhon or Saigon, they are still a long way from the peasant's reach.

Though South Vietnam has a fairly good system of railroads and highways and an excellent system of canal and river transport, the sheer task of getting goods to and from the remote countryside has always been formidable. Now, in wartime, with sixty per cent of the railroads and an even larger percentage of the highways controlled or contested by the Vietcong, the problem of logistics is almost unsurmountable. Everything that moves in or out of the countryside must proceed either under a convoy, by air, or through some accommodation with the Vietcong. With all forms of transport controlled by a central transportation board dominated by the military, the difficulties are multiplied. Civilian needs and requirements, including port space and storage, are naturally subordinated to the military needs of a given moment.

'For the Want of a Horseshoe Nail'

The failure to listen, both on the part of the Vietnamese government and our own people who work in the countryside, is possibly the greatest weakness of their combined effort to reach the rural people. Here again the mistakes of the Diem government are being repeated. Diem's school-building efforts produced thousands of classrooms, but supplies, textbooks, and other essentials, including teachers, were often lacking or slow in coming. Diem's health program, with its main focus on the eradication of malaria, left most of the villagers cold. They were inured to the mosquito; what they wanted was direct health services—somebody to bind up a serious cut or set a broken leg, or a medicine to stop dysentery. If one does listen, sitting under a tree while the people explain their wants and needs to the elected village chief who serves as their pleader to the provincial government, one is astounded at how simple and modest their desires are.

Over the years, for example, the Saigon government, with U.S. assistance, has developed an extension

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service that includes home-demonstration work. Extension agents ride about the countryside on bicycles and hold meetings on everything from gardening to child care. Recently, someone ordered a hundred sewing machines to be distributed among a group of hamlets. A machine had arrived in one of the hamlets I visited and an agent was trying to teach about twenty women how to operate and care for it. Then the thread ran out. There was not another spool to be had for miles around. When I asked the agent what besides thread would help the women in her classes, she answered, "Some cloth to sew. All these women have to practice on is the clothes on their backs."

LACK OF CO-ORDINATION between the various agencies of the central government proves another major barrier, not to mention the lack of it between various United States agencies and the Saigon government. Some years ago the South Vietnamese Department of Public Works installed an elaborate pumping system to supply a major canal running through a five-thousand-acre tract of rich land in the Mekong Delta. But the Ministry of Agriculture apparently was not consulted and no provision was made for ditches to feed the water into the fields, or for teaching the peasants how to make the most of their land. In the fall of 1965 peasants in the area were still farming as they had for years without the extra irrigation. When a local representative of the Public Works Department was asked why there were no lateral ditches, he replied, "Our job was to build this facility, not to use it."

The regional U.S. agricultural officer in the Danang area, a tall, rugged Texan named Lloyd Cleburne, visits every province in his area each week either by jeep, light plane, or foot. Last fall he met with the elders of a Montagnard village in the highlands and talked to them about what they would need for their gardens and small crops in the coming season. It was decided that hoes, shovels, garden seed, and a little fertilizer would be all that was required. A date two months off was set for the delivery of the materials, and the villagers planned a big celebration for the day. To make good on this promise the tools had to be secured from a warehouse in Danang, the fertilizer—six tons of it—had to be flown up from Saigon, and someone had to fly to Saigon to purchase the seed and bring it back. The day before the big event, the fertilizer plane was scheduled to arrive from Saigon and proceed with the Danang party to the village in the highlands. But during the night it was decided that the plane had to be used for a military operation, and the fertilizer was dumped on the side of the airstrip in Danang. The whole project came to a halt.

A couple of years ago the AID program launched a widely heralded pig-corn program for rural villages. Pigs are prized by Vietnamese peasants not only as food but as a traditional form of dowry. In one of the

northern provinces that year, floods had destroyed most of the livestock, and to fill the need some two hundred hogs were gathered in a pen at Saigon. But with both highways and railroads out of commission, the only way to get the animals up there was to fly them in or try to get precious coastal shipping, tightly controlled by both armies. The program had to be "scrubbed" for lack of transport, to the dismay of the village people and to the discredit of their tireless little district chief.

The Priority of Promises

Too often, promises, even those made by the Americans, are no sooner given than forgotten. In another village, a chief told me: "We get nothing but promises from all of you. We have been trying to get a little dispensary for our people. We were told we could have this two years ago, but we still have not even had a bottle of iodine, either from Saigon or from our provincial government." Later, investigation by Americans in Saigon revealed that warehouses in Saigon held hundreds of portable dispensary units, complete with simple drugs and instruments that could be set up within hours in a bamboo shed. Getting a dispensary from Saigon to this remote hamlet was apparently more difficult than hauling a bomb from the United States and dropping it on a remote Vietcong stronghold in the jungle.

The Vietcong, in contrast, have an excellent reputation for keeping their promises. If a farmer has harvested his rice and is ready to sell it at the government price of, say, sixteen piastres per kilo and the Vietcong agent comes along and offers thirty-two piastres, the money will be delivered to him on time. As an American soldier doing civil-action work close behind the fighting in the Danang area told me, "The Vietcong keep their promises to the villagers—whether it is to pay double for their rice or to cut off the head of the hamlet chief."

Whatever government replaces the military junta as a result of the promised elections, it will have to surmount the same familiar barriers of communications and logistics. In order to be regarded as a government that responds and serves the villagers, who still represent eighty per cent of the population, any régime in Saigon must in fact both respond and serve. It will have to halt the blatant ballyhoo and propaganda and open the way to a flow of understanding from the lowest level to the highest. Decentralization of the government structure to give maximum initiative to the authorities closest to the people would cut red tape and permit promises to be fulfilled at last. The effort to help the rural population and win its loyalty has been brought to a halt by the current crisis. When it is over, both the United States and South Vietnam governments will have to revise drastically the order of priorities to break down the existing barriers and attack the problem with vigor. It is probably the last chance either will ever have.

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Sargent Shriver And the Role of the Poor

BARBARA CARTER

WHAT WAS perhaps the longest pause ever in a campaign speech came last year when the Democratic candidate for mayor of New York, Abraham Beame, addressing a gathering of social workers and neighborhood poverty groups, was asked about involvement of the poor in anti-poverty planning. "I believe in the poverty bill and its purpose," Beame began slowly, "including participation by the poor. But as a responsible city official, I say you can't entirely divorce the city from some kind of. . . ." He then stopped to search for the right word, and the pause went on and on and on. "I don't want to say control . . . ," Beame began again in a little voice, looking over the heads of his audience, and once more fell silent. "Some kind of relationship," he said at last, "to the anti-poverty effort."

In contrast to candidates, elected mayors have been less diffident. Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity is "undermining the integrity of local government" by organizing the poor into militant, politically active groups, Mayor John F. Shelley of San Francisco charged. He bluntly insisted that the "elected city official must retain control." Shelley and Mayor Samuel Yorty of Los Angeles sponsored a resolution almost adopted by the U.S. Conference of Mayors last June that accused Shriver of "fostering class struggle." And Robert Wagner as mayor of New York told a House subcommittee, "I feel very strongly that the sovereign part of each locality . . . should have the power of approval over the makeup of the planning group, the structure of the planning group, over the plan."

What most bothered the mayors was the OEO's interpretation of that curiously worded clause in the Economic Opportunity Act which defines "a community action program" as one "developed, conducted, and administered with the maximum feasible participation of residents of the areas and members of the groups served." No one is sure any longer *where* the clause came from. Representative Sam Gibbons (D., Florida), the member of Adam Clayton Powell's Education and Labor Committee who ushered the bill through the House in 1965, simply does not remember. "Powell takes credit for it," says one Washington reporter who had tried to track it down, "and the OEO does not say him nay." Nonetheless, William Haddad, the OEO's first inspector general, has said that "We held our breath while it went through Congress."

IN ANY CASE, a year ago February, six months after the act was passed, the OEO issued a Community Action Program Guide that seemed to define at least to whom the clause refers. "A vital feature of every community action program," the guide stated, "is the involvement of the poor themselves—the residents of the areas and members of the groups to be served—in planning, policy-making, and operation of the program." What "maximum feasible participation" means was a little less clear. The poor were to participate "either on the governing body or on a policy advisory committee," and to have "at least one representative selected from each of the neighborhoods" involved in the local poverty program. To achieve this, the guide recommended elections "whenever feasible." It was widely understood, though not stated explicitly in the guide, that the OEO expected one-third of local poverty-board members to be drawn from the poor.

The direction of the program was obvious—to help the poor help themselves. Thus the guide "strongly" urged the direct involvement of poor persons in "block elections, petitions, and referendums," and in neighborhood legal-aid associations to help organizations of tenants and people on welfare. These were the very activities, involving as they did the possibility of Federally supported rent strikes and attacks on City Hall, that so alarmed the mayors, who saw in them nothing more than a means of putting political power in the wrong hands at the wrong time. When, a month later,

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the OEO issued a workbook stressing the importance of "organizing low-income residents for political effectiveness," particularly in "protest actions, mounted by community-wide and national organizations," Mayor William F. Walsh of Syracuse called it "the most diabolical social work I have ever heard of."

As head of the OEO, it was Sargent Shriver's lot to bear the brunt of the mayors' criticism and to be the target of the pressures they would bring, both inside and outside the administration. Under these circumstances, his desire to avoid being pinned down on so sticky a point as representation of the poor is readily understandable. Flexibility of policy has provided him a much-needed leverage. For nothing marks the community action programs throughout the country so much as their extraordinary variety. Atlanta, where there are almost no poor on the board, is a far cry from Newark, New Jersey, where City Hall was nearly frozen out. Indeed, this diversity may have provided the first testing ground of that mysterious quadrilateral instrument the President has from time to time called "creative Federalism." Certainly involvement of the poor in planning is a creative idea, and certainly community action programs represent a new mix of Federal, state, and local powers working with private groups. Still, they are the least successful of all the OEO programs so far, and it looks as if the most creative thing about them may just be Shriver's ability to tack and jibe around that ambiguous clause in the Poverty Act. If maximum feasible participation has not been achieved, maximum feasible confusion has.

The Way the Wind Blows

At the Hotel Fontainebleau in Miami Beach last August 11, two months after the mayors vented their displeasure, Shriver denied that his agency had set arbitrary quotas for representation of the poor, and explained that their representatives did not actually have to be poor themselves. Yet a week later, when Mayor Yorty accused him of cutting off poverty funds in an attempt to force Los Angeles to give more voice to the poor in planning, Shriver said, "What the people in this program want is self-determination for themselves." This did not prevent him, the following month, at a gathering to celebrate OEO's grant of further funds to Atlanta, from hailing that city's poverty program as a "shining example." When a newsman asked who were the poor on the Atlanta board, the only board member to reply was Martin Luther King, Sr., who pointed to himself and said with a laugh, "Me." This time Shriver went on to explain that involvement of the poor in policy-making was an evolutionary process.

Not only Shriver's words were confusing. For instance, Congress had amended the Poverty Act to give the OEO specific authority to make grants directly to independent poverty agencies. The intent of Congress was to prevent political monopoly by City Hall, and this might have assured the poor a more meaningful voice in planning than a few token seats on citywide boards. But the amendment also formalized the great new game of bypassing. The independent agencies started bypassing City Hall. The mayors had taken to bypassing regional OEO officials who were more adamant than Shriver about representation of the poor. They were also bypassing neighborhood community groups to give grants to smaller and more cooperative agencies. And on November 1, the OEO issued regulations calculated to discourage widespread use of the direct approach to Washington by independent agencies. Their requests for funds would not be granted if their proposals could appropriately be included in community-wide programs.

There had been signs for several months that the administration was growing increasingly aware of the political consequences of helping to organize the urban poor in opposition to City Hall. Perhaps the most prominent was the appointment of "Johnson's man," onetime General Services Administrator Bernard L. Boutin, as Deputy Director of the OEO on October 21. Twice the Democratic candidate for governor of New Hampshire, Boutin is as far from the young militants in OEO as one can get. Indeed, he was once a mayor himself. It was Boutin who turned down the renewal of an OEO grant to an independent agency in Syracuse whose activities had so upset Mayor Walsh.

Shortly after Boutin's appointment, it was reported that the Bureau of the Budget was seeking to cut back on policymaking power for the poor because it was "unsettling politics." Shriver immediately denied there was any slackening in the OEO's effort to press for "vigorous and creative compliance" with the maximum-feasible clause. Yet on December 6 he found it expedient to defend the setup in Chicago, where the poor have little representation on the poverty board. He compared the role of the poor to that of an architect's client who participates in the planning but does not actually design the house. Shriver was still trying to have it both ways: to stand forth as a champion of the poor and to mollify political leaders opposed to their participation.

Continuing rumors and evidence of White House concern did not make his course any easier. At the end of January a Chicago Daily News wire reported that there had been several meetings of mayors and governors and among top-level Washington officials—it mentioned the White House staff, Shriver, the Budget Bureau, and Adam Clayton Powell—resulting in an agreement to de-emphasize involvement of the poor. Although Shriver denied that there had been any backdown and that he had attended a meeting on the date given, the rumors persisted.

Shriver's Ellipsis

Shriver has complained that the critics of the OEO suffer from a "serious misunderstanding of fact and policy." The problem for everyone—OEO's critics and supporters alike—however, has been how to interpret conflicting pronouncements issued by Shriver and his aides. Are the poor supposed to make up a third of the poverty boards? No, said Shriver on November 5. "No single blueprint—whether it be thirty-three per cent or ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths per cent—can be dictated uniformly to a nation larger and more diverse than the Roman Empire at the height of its power." Yet only two weeks earlier the OEO had sent a memorandum to all its regional directors announcing that

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". . . we are proposing as a guide that representatives of the poor be approximately one-third of the membership of a [community action program] governing body. Where something less is proposed, it should be noted and discussed. . . ." It was signed by Deputy Associate Director William H. Bozman. When brought to light a few months later by Robert Walters of the Washington *Evening Star,* it caused understandable embarrassment. At the same time, Shriver was still denying that there were any guidelines. He reportedly assured a meeting of mayors in Washington that there was "no magic number," and that any agency official who said there was, was "out of step."

Nonetheless, in February, William Haddad, the former inspector general of OEO, serenely affirmed in a New York *Herald Tribune* book review that the poverty program "requires . . . that representatives of the poor make up a minimum of one-third" of the boards. And James F. Kelleher, the OEO's Deputy Director of Public Affairs, confused matters further by declaring that the poor should make up at least a fourth of the board memberships. Who, then, was "out of step"?

The most revealing document on Shriver's concept of the role of the poor in poverty planning may be his January 12 news conference. His remarks on that occasion make the entire argument over percentage guidelines more or less academic. Shriver had just been asked about the absence of the poor on Baltimore's poverty board, and here's how it went from there:

SHRIVER: "Well now, I'm glad that you brought that up because you know that the statute does not require that a person be poor."

QUESTION: "Oh, I see."

SHRIVER: "And, gosh, I'm glad that I have a chance to knock that one in the head a little bit again. There is no requirement in this statute that a person be poor to serve on a Community Action committee. . . . Now the phrase 'the poor' is an elliptical way of describing the statutory language. . . . You don't have to be poor to fulfill the statute and we are not trying to get poor people as such. Is that clear enough?"

QUESTION: "That is clear."

SHRIVER: "Okay, fine."

QUESTION: "However, your CAP people have in their negotiations and discussions with various communities instructed them to have the poor on the board. Now is that contrary to your policy?"

SHRIVER: "It is, and what they are saying only is an elliptical way of talking about what the statute says. You don't have to have patched

pants. . . . Now the elliptical way . . . the easy way to talk about it is to say, well, they have to be poor, because that makes it easy. It also fits into headlines, poor versus City Hall; but if you say residents of the areas and groups to be served versus City Hall, nobody knows what you are talking about."

But where, Shriver was asked, does that leave the 1965 Community Action Program Guide, which equated "the poor themselves" with "the residents of the areas and members of the groups to be served"? "Well, if it is susceptible to that interpretation," Shriver said, "and I won't deny that, then it's wrong . . . the crucial word there is 'involvement.' " At least there can be no argument with Shriver's use of the word "elliptical"—it refers to something left out. In this case, the poor.

After all this, it was not surprising that at least one liberal Democrat in Congress should find the current argument over whether there is to be one-third or one-fourth representation of the poor on poverty boards "phony as a three-dollar bill." Or that one poverty planner in New York City described the neighborhood poverty groups as "fighting fictitious dragons" and producing "doctrinaire theoreticians," rather than coming up with creative ideas for the war on poverty.

Duet on the Hill

By the time the hearings on the poverty bill opened before Adam Clayton Powell's House Labor and Education Committee in March, it was apparent that not only Shriver but Powell was veering with the political wind. He had previously made much of his role as champion of the poor against the big city machines. Last spring, for instance, he charged that the war on poverty had degenerated into "giant fiestas of political patronage." He proposed an amendment to ensure thirty per cent representation of the poor on poverty boards, and the administration of forty per cent of the anti-poverty projects by private agencies. And as late as December 9, he was still attacking Mayor Daley—"In Chicago, there is minimum feasible participation of the poor and maximum participation of the politicians"—as well as castigating the "Bureau of the Budget mafia." Soon afterward, however, he dismissed a number of his staff and canceled his subcommittee's investigation into the poverty programs. "It was only temporary," he explained about the suspension of the investigation.

"Jobs," Powell announced in mid-January, "is going to be the name of the game." A forthcoming committee report, he said, would show "from people like the Litton Industries in California, mayors of cities, that basically the war on poverty . . . has been going along very well, all things considered, and my emphasis, as chairman of the committee, when we start hearings, is to put it into a new channel of tremendous emphasis on jobs. . . . That's going to be the new thrust of our amendments to the present legislation." "I agree with Congressman Adam Clayton Powell," Shriver said the next day, "that we need to provide jobs for the poor in certain specific places where unemployment problems are acute."

On the first day of the committee hearings, Powell explained that their purpose was one of "maximizing the War on Poverty's strengths and minimizing its weaknesses." Sitting high in the chairman's seat, flanked by his committee members and backed by a beautifully paneled wall and three blue-curtained two-story windows, Powell read his opening statement with verve and obvious relish. He had, to be sure, some words of criticism for those poverty programs "mired in the swamp of mediocrity—such programs as Camp Kilmer, Phoenix, Arizona, Los Angeles, and Washington, D.C."—but only praise for "the outstanding features" found in, of all places, Chicago and even Mississippi. His closing quote embraced

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all contingencies: "And God fulfills Himself in many ways . . ."

Powell had arranged the format of the hearings by sending Shriver seven questions in advance—including only one about involvement of the poor—and Shriver arrived well prepared. Participation of the poor in planning, he affirmed, was a *fait accompli*. "Fifteen thousand citizens, rich and poor, are serving on community action boards," he said in his opening statement, and nearly five thousand of them were "residents of the areas served, . . . thus fulfilling a Congressional requirement for participation of the poor." So much for that. Of the $1.75 billion requested for fiscal 1967, a little over half, some $994 million, would go to community action programs, but at least a third of that would be earmarked for Head Start. For the remainder, the stress would be on jobs and job training.

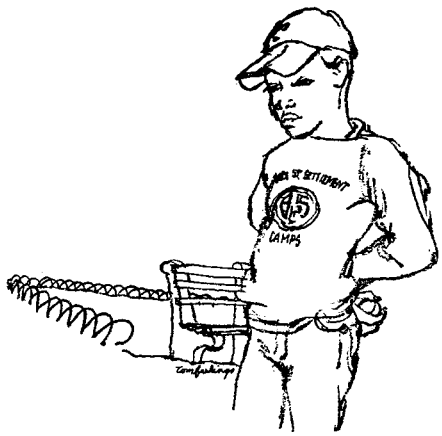
Shriver had one surprise for the committee. Expressing his "disappointment" in the low turnout—an average of four per cent—for elections of representatives of the poor in Chester, Pennsylvania, Cleveland, Kansas City, and Los Angeles, for which the OEO had spent nearly $90,000 (most of it in Los Angeles, where the turnout was less than one per cent), Shriver announced: "It is highly unlikely that we will provide Federal funds to a local community for future poverty-area elections." He remembered being in a submarine during the war that had fired a torpedo at a ship. The torpedo hit its target, but didn't go off.

Not Just a Family Affair

If the administration had hoped to keep the controversy over participation under wraps and within the family, it was doomed to disappointment. Naturally the first to exploit the issue were the Republicans. Having nothing to lose by antagonizing the Democratic mayors and everything to gain, two Republicans on Powell's committee, Charles Goodell of New York and Albert Quie of Minnesota, have adopted the maximum-feasible clause as their rallying cry. On January 5, Goodell sent a letter to his fellow Republicans in the House listing the advantages to be gained from participation of the poor, such as helping to "motivate the average poor person" and meeting the "desperate need for a two-way communication." He tried to calm their fears: " 'Involvement of the poor,' at first blush, may sound like riots and demonstrations and chaos," he wrote. "In fact, it is just the opposite. . . . Once the poor get on a community action board, they normally don't vote as a bloc." Republicans, Goddell reassured them, "have been 'right' on this from the very beginning."

From the very beginning, however, both Goodell and Quie have voted regularly against the Poverty Act. Back in 1964, Goodell even acted as spokesman for the mayors: "Not only Mr. Wagner, but the mayors of Syracuse and Chicago . . . felt community action should be taken only with the local government participating." Lately, Goodell's concern for, say, Mayor Daley of Chicago has undergone a striking metamorphosis. In a tangle with Representative Roman C. Pucinski of Chicago, he questioned whether there was a single representative chosen by the poor on the city's poverty board, which he said was filled with "kept people" picked by the mayor.

Goodell's changed viewpoint may be attributed to Goldwater's defeat and to the Republican breakthrough



in a series of municipal elections in New York, Louisville, Akron, and Philadelphia. It was reinforced by the disclosure in January that a secret Republican survey predicted a chance for significant Republican gains among Negroes disappointed by the slowness of the war on poverty and opposed to Democratic city machines. Goodell and Quie attempted, rather ineptly, to use the committee hearings to make hay for the Republicans, but Powell did not call their witnesses and the pair ended by charging that the whole thing was a whitewash.

THE HEARINGS did indicate that Powell is having troubles of his own in justifying his new position on maximum participation. Two busloads of New York poverty workers and poor from Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, and the Lower East Side came to Washington for the hearings, but few were able to get past the guards into the crowded hearing room. Some were angry and said so before the television cameras. One woman complained about the presence of cops. A man said he had heard rumors of a deal. "No one controls me," Powell told them, and added with a swift look, "except you."

The next day, Powell, who had announced that the hearings would last all day and run over into the nights and weekends if necessary, didn't show up. A note explained that he had the flu, and Powell's visitors, who had stayed overnight, never got a chance to see him in action. A clutch of them surrounded Powell's aide, C. Sumner Stone, at the noon recess, only to be chastised for speaking up before the TV cameras. "You humiliated the Congressman," Stone accused them, not much above a whisper. "You, of all people. How could you do that, to *this* man?" One woman, her eyes tightly shut, remained defiant for a time. But soon she unbent: "Well, I'll apologize to the Congressman, if he wants." Another added, "You know we love Adam, baby." It ended up with kisses all around and Stone left, saying, "It's all right. It's all in the family. Just family."

Keeping it all in the family is not an easy business, however. In mid-April a rowdy "convention of the poor" assembled by the Citizens' Crusade Against Poverty met in Washington. When Shriver attempted to address them, he was met with hoots and boos, and finally left the meeting, saying, "I will not participate in a riot." The delegates even turned on their own leaders. Their demonstration may well have provided at least an unmistakable definition of what maximum participation should *not* be.

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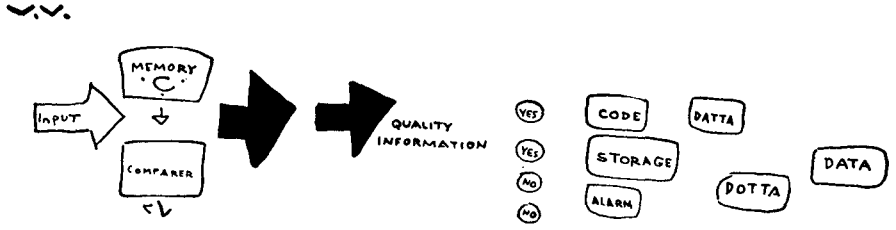

The Tax-Appeal Ordeal

WILLIAM R. FRYE

Pity the poor taxpayer. He assembles his records, studies the instructions, wrestles with the forms, pays his tax—and then sits back to await doomsday. Doomsday, for him, is the day Form 3R73 arrives with this message: "Your above-described tax return or document for the year indicated has been assigned to the above-named Agent for examination. Please communicate with the Agent. . . ."

The possibility of being audited is the third dimension of the income-tax nightmare. Substantiating that office at home, finding that Washington hotel bill, proving that lunch was a business entertainment—these could be more difficult than making out the return itself. They could even be impossible.

Some sixty-six million personal income-tax returns were filed in fiscal 1965; 3,092,000—one in twenty, or just over five per cent—were "examined," as the Internal Revenue Service puts it. Deficiencies, or taxes due, were found in fifty-one per cent of the cases, producing $1,063,000,000 in additional revenue; refunds were paid by the government fourteen per cent of the time, for a total of $47,052,000. No change was made in thirty-five per cent of the returns. The average deficiency was just below $700; the average refund just above $100. Aside from gamblers and other special cases, only 1,216 of those who were examined (or .04 per cent) were prosecuted for fraud.

How many of the more than 1.5 million taxpayers who were made to pay additional tax really had short-changed the government, accidentally or intentionally? How many ran afoul of an IRS overeager to maximize collections? The IRS feels sure it was practically always right (an understandable view), but many taxpayers are by no means sure.

I know how they feel. I have just been through the mill. Mine was one of the relatively rare cases—one in seven—where the taxpayer is found to have overpaid his tax. The return had been prepared for me while I was abroad and contained several major errors in the government's favor. I was due for a refund.

It was, nevertheless, a miserable experience. Day after day after exhausting day was taken up in minutely detailed, repetitive nit-picking. Accountants whom I told about the case said that they had never known an audit to be so detailed and prolonged. At the end of each session, I was assigned to prepare further data for the next visit—a task requiring long days and longer nights, sometimes running into weeks. (Everything involved had happened three years before.) My professional life was intermittently disrupted for more than seven months. The lost time was worth conservatively $4,000 to $5,000—and since I was self-employed, I had no way to cushion the loss. Moreover, legal and other fees ate up much of the refund.

The only comic relief was that each time I was ordered to dive deeper into the records, I came up with a new accounting error in the government's favor, and hence a larger potential refund. This was not what the agent had in mind. "How am I going to justify my time?" he asked. Finally, as a consequence of another of his probes, I discovered a $1,500 reimbursement that had been reported both as income and as a credit against expense. Whether by coincidence or not, the roof promptly fell in.

My agent (or his supervisor) reopened the whole audit and disallowed deductions that previously had been fully substantiated. The law had not changed; the facts had not changed; nothing had, except that someone seemed to have decided that letting a taxpayer get back *that* much money would not look good at all on the report of such a prolonged audit.

I could appeal the ruling, first to a "conferee"—a higher official of the IRS—and then, if necessary, to a still higher one. I could even go to tax court. But in the process, the additional time lost and the new legal fees incurred could more than wipe out any tax recovered. It seemed I would have to take the licking; either way, I would lose. After considerable additional dispute, the agent reconsidered and an appeal became unnecessary. But in my bitterer moments, I felt my government had subjected me to a form of legalized extortion.

The High Cost of Appeals

A spot check of accounting firms in the New York area suggests that thousands of taxpayers every year may have similar unpleasant experiences. Similar, that is, not in the denial of refunds that are due but in the levying of additional taxes which they consider unjustified but which they cannot recover economically through the normal appeal process. By comparison with the total number of returns filed, the number of these taxpayers may be small, but to the people concerned it is a serious matter.

Mr. S., a partner in a New York accounting firm that specializes in tax work (because of his continuing dealings with the IRS, he insisted on remaining anonymous), said he used to fight, on behalf of his clients, as many as fifty appeals at a time. But in virtually every case, once the appeal was over the client was so angry at the size of the accounting bill that, whatever the results of the appeal, Mr. S. would lose the account. So he made it a firm rule never to handle appeals. He now

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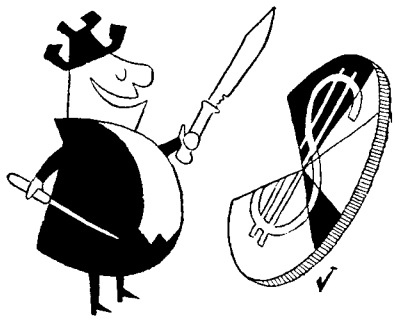
negotiates with the IRS agent as stoutly as possible the first time around, and then proposes to the client that he accept the outcome, favorable or otherwise. If the taxpayer wants to appeal, some other firm must take the case. His relationship to the client is then finished, either way.

The effect of this policy is that in cases where Mr. S.'s advice is accepted, the government has been allowed virtually to dictate its terms to the taxpayer on the issues in dispute. If Mr. S. is right, many if not most appeals are too expensive to be practical. Other accountants are not quite so sweeping; but they say that unless at least $1,500 to $2,000 in tax is involved, the taxpayer can scarcely expect to break even from an appeal to "conference," even if he wins. Unless he feels qualified to handle it on his own, he must pay an accountant $50 to $200 a day, not merely during the conference itself but throughout a period of preparation. And the taxpayer's own time is also a factor. Still higher appeals, beyond the conference stage, are not considered economical unless something in the neighborhood of $10,000 in taxes is involved. The IRS does not release figures on how many cases went to conference; but in 1965, 21,737 disputes (less than one per cent of the total) were handled at the appellate level, the next stage, and only 5,448 (roughly one quarter of one per cent) were disposed of by the tax courts. The money in question, however, was in the hundreds of millions.

The man who decides to do without costly help is, in effect, throwing himself on the mercy of the IRS. Mr. C., a partner in a Connecticut consulting firm, was on the road five days a week, year round, returning home only for weekends. He naturally had a large travel and entertainment deduction. When the return was selected for audit, he could not take time off to attend personally; his "billing rate" (the rate at which clients were charged for his services) was $250 a day, and he was fully booked. So he sent his wife to the tax auditor, armed with canceled checks and credit-card bills. The auditor contended there was no proof the travel was not personal, and disallowed the whole amount. The wife did not know how to protest persuasively. So the whole year's travel was lost.

THIS COUPLE could have hired professional help, but did not. Many others cannot afford to. Few men making less than $15,000 a year care to pay $15 to $50 an hour for an accountant, let alone $25 to $100 an hour for a lawyer. A return showing a $4,000 income is not as likely to be examined as one showing $400,000, but it can happen. The test, the IRS says, is not the size of the income but whether there is anything *unusual* about the return, anything that causes raised eyebrows. If the



ax falls, the little men have no choice but to fend for themselves.

Experiences vary. If the agent is conscientious and high-principled, as is sometimes the case, they get a fair deal. If he is casehardened, callous, or young and eager to impress his superiors, taxpayers may come off badly indeed. Discouragement, dismay, fear, and ignorance all may serve to keep them from making use of the appeals machinery.

Something obviously is amiss. The IRS insists that serious injustices are very isolated cases. Agents, it is said, operate under strict instructions to collect the tax due and only the tax due. Each year, just before the Ides of April, the Bureau engages in a national advertising campaign to convince the American people of its virtue. Nice, reasonable men say soothing and high-minded things on television and radio, encouraging people to pay up and assuring them that the IRS will deal with them as gently as possible.

Somewhere between theory and practice, however, the benevolent-father image breaks down. No doubt the complexity of the tax law is in part at fault; reasonable men can and do interpret the law in differing ways. No doubt many taxpayers who believe they have a grievance have in fact been fairly treated. But the absence of a readily available appeals system creates serious doubts.

Moreover, even if the government were right fifty times for every time it does an injustice, the 3,092,000 audits that took place in fiscal 1965 would have resulted in more than sixty thousand injustices. And there may have been another half million taxpayers who came out of their experiences with the IRS believing themselves wronged, though in fact they were not. Some of them undoubtedly resolved to get the lost money back the next time they filed a return. The government thus had made dishonest taxpayers out of honest ones. Another protection of the appeals system—the easing of legitimate doubts—was therefore not fully operative.

The Agents

To far too great an extent, taxpayers are forced to rely on the objectivity and competence of one man. Deny it as the IRS may, most agents find that there is a premium on getting tough with the taxpayer, on producing results for their superiors in terms of cash on the barrelhead. In private, they admit it is so. The old quota system, under which each agent had to extract a given amount in a given time, is now officially banned. But agents acknowledge that they believe their standing with their superiors and their prospects for promotion depend in part on the money they collect for the government. They must account strictly for their time, and if it is not spent productively, they fear it may be a black mark on their record. If they are inexperienced or insecure, they may be afraid to give the taxpayer the benefit of a reasonable doubt, lest they be set down as naïve or even corrupt.

IRS employees are not highly paid. Salaries start at $5,181 for trainee technicians and go up to $11,715 for experienced field agents. Supervisors get $10,000 to $13,000. Opportunities being more lucrative in private accounting practice, the government cannot always get and keep high-quality personnel. Moreover, the

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man making $6,000 cannot always readily believe the expenses reported by the man making $60,000, because they are too far removed from his own experience. How could a man really spend $20 for lunch or $7,000 for a boat just to entertain customers? Such figures just don't make sense to him.

One accountant says that when he runs into this kind of incredulity, he asks that the item be put aside temporarily, and then, come lunchtime, takes the agent to a nearby hotel dining room. He buys him a martini, a lobster cocktail, and a steak. When the bill is presented, the accountant inquires and "discovers" what he knew in advance—that the hotel does not honor credit cards, that the meal must be paid for in cash. He hands over a $20 bill, and the agent sees there is little or no change. A lunch can cost $10 a person, he has learned, and it may not always be easy to obtain a written record of the expense. When the agent returns to the audit, he has had an education in business expenditures.

IN ADDITION to collecting revenue and deterring cheating, the audit system is supposed to have the function of boosting the morale of the honest taxpayer. He needs to be assured that he will not, relatively speaking, be penalized for his honesty. One of the gnawing resentments of April 15 is the feeling that Joe Sharp has been getting away with murder. The majority of taxpayers, though they wail, are willing to pay what they owe (or most of it) provided everybody else does, too. But that is the rub. Many taxpayers who have been audited are not persuaded that the law has been applied fairly to them. The IRS is the only branch of government in which the basic assumption of Anglo-American jurisprudence—that a man is innocent until proved guilty—does not fully apply. By law, a deduction is subject to disallowance until it is proved allowable.

To some extent, this attitude is understandable. Some taxpayers ask agents to believe pretty farfetched stories. A man who had canceled checks showing $90 in contributions to his church claimed he had also given $1,000 in cash. A man who kept receipted bills for entertainment expense down to $2 and $3 claimed he also spent $4,000 without getting receipts. It could be true, but the agent can be forgiven for being skeptical.

Sometimes the taxpayer's records may be accurate, but he is unable to prove it; or perhaps he does not have complete records and has had to estimate. This is no longer permissible in all cases. The old "Cohan rule" of reasonability—that an entertainment expense was allowable if it was reasonable under the circumstances—has been replaced by a requirement that every item over $25 must be substantiated by a receipted bill. These new travel and expenses regulations, which went into force on December 31, 1962, have not yet been tested in the courts, but they are being strictly applied.

The taxpayer may approach the audit in a difficult frame of mind. Some panic, and prepare for disaster. Others become belligerent and self-righteous, ready to take on the Congress, the President, and the Supreme Court as well as the IRS. Still others try desperately to pull political strings, an effort that is usually highly counterproductive.

When the examination occurs, it sometimes is almost anticlimactic. The taxpayer finds he is not being summoned to court for commission of a crime; he may arrange the appointment at a convenient time. He need not go to the IRS with his papers and other records stuffed into a suitcase or a trunk. If the data involved are voluminous, the agent is willing to come to him. The agent is authorized to take into account evidence of a taxpayer's good faith, and need not check every minute detail—though some do. He has instructions to be courteous and fair.

Rough Sailing

If the agent is indeed reasonable and the taxpayer well prepared, the audit can be over in a few hours—a day at most. If the return is complicated, the records incomplete, and/or the agent difficult, it can drag on and on. It is then that it becomes an affliction. If in addition to being difficult, the agent misapplies the law, then the taxpayer really needs a friend.

A man who used a twenty-three-foot sailboat for entertaining business contacts deducted half the expenses on his return. He was audited, and the agent, a man in his twenties, expressed much concern about the deduction. He inquired in detail about personal use of the boat, and was shown records in a diary indicating that such use occurred less than half of the time. He asked for, and obtained, corroborative evidence that business discussions had taken place on board. He studied a record of who went sailing, and saw proof that the entertainment had led to production of income. Nevertheless, he disallowed the deduction.

Lots of people have boats on Long Island Sound, he said, and in most cases they are strictly for personal use. The taxpayer's boat must also have been largely personal. It was too expensive to have been bought primarily for business. Did the taxpayer's wife go along on the trips? She did? Then it obviously was personal. The taxpayer argued that the presence or absence of a business discussion was the test, not the presence or absence of a spouse. The agent pulled out a copy of the Internal Revenue Service regulations (a large volume) and quoted from regulation 1.274-2 (e) (4) (b): "Any use of [an entertainment] facility (of a type described in this subdivision) during one calendar day shall be considered to constitute a 'day of business use' if the primary use of the facility on such day was ordinary and necessary within the meaning of section 162 or 212 and the regulations thereunder. For the purposes of this subdivision, a facility shall be deemed to have been primarily used for such purposes on any one calendar day if the facility was used for the conduct of a substantial and bona fide business discussion (as described in paragraph (d) (3) (i) of this section) notwithstanding that the facility may also have been used on the same day for personal or family use by the taxpayer or any member of the taxpayer's family not involving entertainment of others by, or under the authority of, the taxpayer."

The agent repeatedly quoted the phrase ". . . not involving the entertainment of others." Relating it to the earlier part of the paragraph, rather than the portion in which it occurred, he said it meant that

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if "others" were present at the time the business entertainment took place, the facility at that time was not being used for business purposes. The fact that this interpretation was directly at variance with other regulations did not disturb him. No amount of argument could shake him from this extraordinary distortion of logic, of the law, and of the English language. It developed that the agent's personal philosophy was that all entertainment was a form of bribery; that business should be obtained strictly on its merits, so that the IRS really ought to disallow *all* entertainment expense.

It seemed that the taxpayer had no option but to bow or go to the prohibitive expense of an appeal. Then, when he was just about at the end of his tether, the agent suddenly reconsidered and allowed the expense.

The Ombudsman Idea

The appeal procedure, spokesmen for the commissioner say, is really not very difficult or expensive. They claim that the district conference, the first step, is just an informal discussion, with a friendly, experienced official—the father image again—who does not represent either the government or the taxpayer but is seeking pure and objective justice. The taxpayer doesn't need professional advice, they contend; he is in good hands. All this, however, is somehow at variance with the experience of most taxpayers who go "to conference." They regard it as a highly formal, even quasi-judicial proceeding, requiring extensive preparation, including legal briefs and affidavits; and they have little inclination to accept at face value the conferee's detachment and objectivity. He is, after all, an employee of the IRS.

Recently there have been some proposals for the creation of tax review boards, consisting of one or more experienced, well-paid specialists, to protect taxpayers from questionable rulings by the IRS. There is a kind of precedent in the Ombudsman system in force in Scandinavian countries and in New Zealand. The Ombudsman, a widely respected individual of national stature, is appointed by Parliament to guard against infringement of established rights. Any individual or group may petition him for relief, and he has extensive power to provide it. He may be removed by Parliament but is otherwise wholly independent. In the United States, Representative Henry Reuss (D., Wisconsin) and Senator Claiborne Pell (D., Rhode Island) have proposed a not dissimilar plan for an "administrative counsel," an employee of Congress who would investigate and seek to correct citizens' grievances, whether against the IRS or any other branch of government, when asked to do so by a Senator or a Representative. The bill was referred to the Rules Committee in February, 1965, and little has been heard from it since.

More recently, Senators Warren Magnuson (D., Washington) and Edward Long (D., Missouri) have mapped out a plan for a nationwide system of small-claims tax commissioners, under the aegis of the tax courts, to whom citizens could bring disputes with the IRS without the expense and formality of court procedure. Two commissioners would be appointed for each of the eleven regions into which the IRS has divided the United States. People who could not afford to hire legal help would be entitled to go to the commissioner, just as they now can go to small-claims court with other kinds of legal disputes involving amounts up to a few hundred dollars.

Commissioners or boards of this type are urgently needed. They should exist primarily to protect taxpayers' rights. The IRS could be forbidden to appeal their decisions if the taxpayer, for his part, also agreed in advance to accept the decision as binding. What would result would be analogous to binding arbitration.

No doubt there would be snags to be ironed out in practice. Safeguards might be needed against frivolous use of the boards. A taxpayer who appealed to them against the decisions of an agent and had his obligations to the government affirmed, or even increased, might have to assume the costs of the action—the costs, however, being scaled in proportion to his income, so that the poor could afford the risk as easily as the rich. If the taxpayer's obligations were reduced by the board, the government ought to be assessed for costs, a procedure calculated to inhibit arbitrary and ill-founded IRS rulings in the first instance. With such revenue the boards could be largely self-supporting, and they would greatly ease the case load under which many tax courts are staggering. (At the end of fiscal 1965, 10,765 cases were pending, about a two-year backlog.)

The possibility of a simple and inexpensive appeal from a tax audit would do much to restore public confidence. Taxpayers who lost would be more likely to swallow the judgment with good grace, less haunted by the suspicion of injustice, less determined to get their money back. The effect on the attitudes and behavior of agents might also be healthy. They would be under pressure to be right, as opposed to pressure to be tough. If they were proved wrong, the government would have to pay costs. To a far greater extent than at present, prestige and advancement within the IRS would logically derive from being infrequently overruled. The balance of bargaining power between taxpayer and agent during the initial audit would be restored.

What are involved are some of the textbook precepts of American democracy—that the government is a government of laws, not of men; that no citizen is ever at the mercy of an official; that if an official exceeds his authority, there must be effective remedies available. This is the way the tax system is *supposed* to operate today, but a sizable number of American taxpayers doubt it.

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The Moscow Congress: Prudence and Semantics

ADAM ULAM

Apart from his relatives, it is the western Kremlinologists who have suffered most through Nikita Khrushchev's abrupt departure from power. Under Khrushchev, they had grown accustomed to anticipate eagerly that vast gathering of the ruling elite, the Communist Party Congress. Each was almost guaranteed to bring further revelations of Stalin's crimes, a growing list of former leaders who had collaborated in them, and more engrossing details of intrigues by remaining Stalinists against the First Secretary, Comrade Khrushchev. Khrushchev, to be sure, would invariably crush the latter with the help of the Central Committee of the party and the unanimous support of the great Soviet people.

Apart from such fascinating tales, the First Secretary would intermittently threaten the West and speak in honeyed words of coexistence, implying a virtual Soviet-American alliance. Thunderbolts would descend, sometimes on the heads of "dogmatists" and sometimes on those of "revisionists." Even in discussing inanimate objects Khrushchev was dramatic and unpredictable. No sooner did his passion for steel production cool off than it was replaced by an infatuation with reinforced concrete. Kolkhozniks who have been urged by Nikita Sergeievich to plant corn, corn, and more corn were abruptly told to drop practically everything else and grow beans.

No such pyrotechnics were to be expected at the Twenty-Third Congress concluded on April 8. Khrushchev's two successors, Brezhnev and Kosygin, have practiced what might be called the cult of non-personality. They are much more the products of the Stalin era than Khrushchev, who had joined the party in 1918 and who retained to the end the Leninist belief in the power of oratory and dramatic improvisation. Brezhnev and Kosygin, in contrast, have always operated in the Stalinist bureaucratic fashion, unobtrusively and behind the scenes. Where Khrushchev went in for bluster, they have ushered in what they hope to be the age of discretion and circumspection.

At the Twenty-Third Congress, as speaker after speaker pronounced the ritualistic formulas of praise for the Central Committee's policy and its proposed Five-Year Plan, many delegates must have wondered whether and when the name of *that man* would be mentioned. Yet through an amazing display of self-control, none of the procession of party secretaries, ministers, etc., ever did utter Stalin's name. The reasons are as complex as they are instructive about the current dilemmas and style of Soviet politics.

The Unnamed Man

Before the Congress took place, it had been public knowledge that the rulers intended a partial and circumspect rehabilitation of Stalin. Khrushchev's obsessive serialization of his crimes was held to have had a profoundly unsettling effect, especially on the younger generation. More damaging than Khrushchev's constant harping on the terror and sufferings of the Stalin era, which the middle-aged party oligarchs believed the younger generation ought now to forget, was his portrait of Stalin as a fool and a coward. ("He was afraid to go into the city, he was afraid of people," announced the First Secretary in 1962.)

The Twenty-Third Congress was scheduled to be treated to a more balanced view, more in keeping with the original and subdued period of de-Stalinization which lasted from 1953 to 1956. At that time, the dead despot was depicted as a man who had rendered great services to the party and the country, but who had regrettably strayed from the Leninist path in his later years. As part of this program of rehabilitation it was decided to restore the names of two Soviet institutions that have definite Stalinist associations: Secretary General of the Communist Party and the Politburo. Since 1953 the highest party official has borne the name of First Secretary—until now Stalin was the only Soviet leader to be named Secretary-General of the party. The Politburo had been rechristened "Presidium" in 1952 with the explanation: "It expresses better the nature of its functions." At the latest Congress the name was changed back again with exactly the same explanation.

The projected rehabilitation of Stalin evidently encountered a good deal of determined opposition. A number of leading intellectuals addressed a letter to Brezhnev imploring him not to revive old fears and painful associations. And there are grounds for believing that even in the highest party councils fears were expressed that the move would be untimely and unfortunate. Plans for a broad historical reassessment of the Stalin era were dropped and all that remained was the restoration of the two names. This led to awkward locutions at the Congress. In proposing the restoration of the term "Politburo," Brezhnev explained that this was the term used "under Lenin and *later*." And in proposing the re-establishment of the post of Secretary-General, Nikolai Yegorychev, the Moscow party head, found it expedient to mention that it had been established "in 1922 on the initiative of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin" while skipping any reference to the only man who had actually carried the title.

More significant was the fact that though several local party secretaries mentioned approvingly the restoration of the Secretaryship General and the Politburo, other leading delegates limited themselves to a mere general statement of support for the party line. And a totally new precedent was set when several members of the highest party body—the Presidium-Politburo—did not take the floor at all. It is risky to read meaning into such developments, but in the ritualized process of Soviet politics such omissions cannot be accidental. They testify to a deep division of opinion among party leaders as to whether and to what

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degree the Stalin era should receive a new varnish of respectability.

One omission inevitably led to another. If Khrushchev had sinned by his denunciations of Stalin, how was it possible for the Congress, even in good cause, to denounce Khrushchev himself? Obviously it was not, and instead the party leaders resorted to their limitless vocabulary of circumlocution. They unanimously approved the wise and salutary decision of the Central Committee in October, 1965, in condemning sins of subjectivism, voluntarism, boastfulness, and "from aboveness." They undertook to correct these errors in a spirit of objectivity, with strict regard for scientific laws and an unhurried and principled consideration for the needs of the people.

Old Fantasies and New Realities

Behind the dreary and repetitive jargon it was possible to glimpse the causes of Khrushchev's downfall. One could sense the oligarchs' dull hatred of a leader whose constant innovations disturbed their bureaucratic slumber—a man who, as one anguished delegate exclaimed, would on the basis of a single brief interview fire a party leader or have him transferred thousands of miles away. (The speaker did not reflect that in Stalin's time one brief interview could cost considerably more than a job.) Another speaker implied that through his newspaper henchmen (including presumably his son-in-law) Khrushchev undermined respect for the mainstay of the Soviet system, the local party secretaries.

Khrushchev's critics at the Congress were the very same people who had come to his rescue in 1957 and helped him to eject Stalin's hated lieutenants—Malenkov and Molotov, among others. But since gratitude is no more a characteristic of Soviet politics than of any other, the party leaders chafed in turn under Nikita Sergeievich's unpredictable moves and moods, his attempted projection of himself as the *national* leader over and above the party. There were other and substantive reasons for the shift. At the Twenty-Second Congress in October, 1961, Khrushchev had pictured tremendous advances in economic growth and a definite cure for the perennial Soviet problem of agriculture. And he had jokingly asked: "What fantasies, if you please, does Khrushchev conjure up about the agricultural growth?" His joke, alas, turned out to have been a prophecy.

In the course of the Congress both Kosygin and Brezhnev described the sad state of Soviet agriculture during the past five years: production of grain, though generally increased, failed to keep up with the growth of population; 1963 was a particularly disastrous year—the number of cattle and pigs, as well as milk products per cow, fell substantially. No one at the Congress sought to minimize the grave defects of collectivized agriculture or to revert to Khrushchev's boasts that within a few years Russia would overtake the United States in the production of meat, butter, and milk. Other boasts and promises were exposed as equally hollow. Steel production for 1970 had been projected in 1961 as 145 million

tons; current estimates range between 124 and 129 million tons. By 1970 Khrushchev had promised that the average workweek would be reduced to thirty to thirty-five hours; in the present mood of sobriety the party promises a five-day, forty-one-hour workweek.

Khrushchev was not solely responsible for these wildly exaggerated forecasts. His present critics, most notably Kosygin, were his closest collaborators in 1961. They too prophesied that Russia would surpass the United States in many respects by 1965 and that it would enter into the era of real Communism by 1980. But, as his targets receded, Khrushchev took exasperated recourse to fantastic administrative improvisations. The vast Ministry of Agriculture was suddenly ordered out of Moscow and told to move closer to the soil. In 1962, in the most renowned of his "harebrained schemes," he tried to split the whole party apparatus into two separate sections, agricultural and industrial, a measure that if fully carried out would have led to hopeless chaos.

WHAT are the prospects that the Twenty-Fourth Congress in 1970 will not find good reason to jeer at the current promises of Brezhnev and Kosygin? The present leaders have at least learned to be more modest and realistic in their goals. They seem also to be more determined and consistent than Khrushchev in tying increased growth to a greater flow of consumer goods. For the first time in the history of Soviet Five-Year Plans, the projected rate of increase in the production of consumers' goods is to be almost equal to that of heavy industry: the 1970 rate of production of automobiles, for example, is to be four times that of 1965. The social-security benefits and the guaranteed wages enjoyed by the industrial worker are to be extended to the kolkhozniks. The very structure of the kolkhoz is to be revised in a further attempt to make the peasant appreciate that collective farming is not simply a new form of serfdom.

Do these reforms, together with those already announced allowing individual industrial enterprises more autonomy and incentives, amount to creeping capitalism? Seldom has the party shown itself so sensitive to foreign criticism as on this count. It is a vile slander, said the Soviet President, N. V. Podgorny, to talk "about 'liberalization' of [our] socialist society which is supposed to be developing, if you please, in the direction of convergence with the so-called 'free world.'"

The reasons for this sensitivity are

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obvious: the charges of "liberalization" come not only from western capitalists but also from Communist China, and the attempt to rebut them is connected with two other issues that were paramount at the Congress: growing disunity in the Communist world and the need for a sterner cultural policy at home.

THE post-Khrushchev leadership has tried to be tactful and conciliatory on the subject of China, and this policy has reaped at least superficial dividends in all Communist Parties represented at the Congress (China and Albania of course were not there; neither was Japan or New Zealand). In a rare mention of China, Brezhnev pledged that the Soviet party would do everything in its power to heal the breach and proposed a conference to settle all the outstanding differences. Yet indirectly but firmly the Soviet leaders indicated that they would not let the Chinese determine Soviet foreign policy and push the Soviet Union toward a fateful provocation of the United States.

On two other counts the Soviet leaders demonstrated that they do not propose to appease the Chinese beyond certain limits. Tito's Yugoslavia, which is hated by the Chinese even more fervently than "the Khrushchevite revisionists," was treated at the Congress for the first time since 1948 as a full-fledged member of the family; and Brezhnev went out of his way to express Soviet friendship for India. Constant condemnation of American aggression in Vietnam and the need for a settlement based on terms laid down by Hanoi and the Vietcong were paralleled by an equally insistent stress on the need for coexistence and Soviet readiness for a post-Vietnam rapprochement with the United States. The plea of the Cuban delegate "to make North Vietnam a cemetery of American planes" and to prepare for similar risk-taking in other parts of the world was greeted in silence. Both Brezhnev and Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko clearly indicated that Germany still stands at the heart of Soviet foreign-policy concern. They spoke with genuine indignation about the possibility of West Germany's gaining access to nuclear weapons. There was no mistaking their earnestness in this matter.

As to the Sino-Soviet split, some foreign delegates implied that they would be delighted to have the Chinese thrown out of the international Communist movement once and for all. Premier János Kadar of Hungary spoke of left-wing adventurism and shameful attempts to stimulate anti-Soviet feelings. The Argentinians proposed an international conference with or without China. From Australia and Peru came indignant stories of how the Chinese had tried to promote party dissension. But officially such outbursts were dampened to avoid disturbing delegates, including those from North Korea and North and South Vietnam, who were unwilling or unable to face the prospect of a permanent split. And on top of that there was the overriding consideration that the Soviet Union could ill afford, either at home or abroad, to acknowledge even by implication that the international unity of Communism is simply another myth.

Sholokhov Rages

This deep concern for the preservation of the régime's ideological *raison d'être* also characterized the discussion of culture and the arts. Long before the Twenty-Third Congress, certain party bureaucrats had bewailed the consequences of de-Stalinization in literature. P. N. Demichev, then and now party secretary, said in 1961 that only a few writers had fallen victim "to the noxious bourgeois influence" but that "If an illness is not nipped in the bud it can become dangerous." Khrushchev himself had frequently if inconsistently made similar noises. An added warning was conveyed a few weeks before the Congress by the severe sentences imposed on Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel. But despite a good deal of railing against writers who dared to depict the grim Stalinist past, the Congress stopped short of reinstating a strict Stalinist surveillance of the arts.

The most virulent attack on literary freedom came from Mikhail A. Sholokhov, the dean of Soviet writers. Unmellowed by his recent Nobel Prize, embittered by his lack of acceptance by the younger artists, Sholokhov raved and ranted that in the old times Sinyavsky and Daniel would have been stood against the wall and shot. He told the delegates that he was ashamed for those literary figures who petitioned the authorities for more lenient sentences. Though Sholokhov's outburst was interrupted by cheers, some of those in the audience must have remembered that Sholokhov himself had once been target of similar attacks. In fact, the author of *Quiet Flows the Don* has come to resemble one of his main characters, a paranoid and sadistic Communist who turns a previously friendly Cossack village against the Soviet power. In essence his attitude is that of the middle-aged party bureaucrats: people should be grateful to the party for making things better than they were rather than complaining and asking for more.

ON BALANCE, the Congress did little more than underscore the leadership's determination to follow a steady course, without the shifts and histrionics of the Khrushchev period. The new leaders will not, if they can help it, please the West by a noisy quarrel with China. Nor will they appease the Chinese by turning over to them the direction of Soviet foreign policy. They will not seek to disarm critics in the West or even in western Communist circles by condoning what they consider license in literature and the arts. They will not relax their monopoly of political power in Russia or their claim to primacy in world Communism.

At the conclusion of the Congress Brezhnev epitomized their creed: "everybody" understands that strengthening the economy and power of the Soviet Union is the greatest contribution to the world Communist and liberation movement. Under Stalin the simple idea that what is good for the Soviet Union is good for world Communism was thought to be self-evident. For all their caution and determination, however, today's leaders will find it increasingly difficult to defend this creed either to their own people or to the impatient Communists in other lands.

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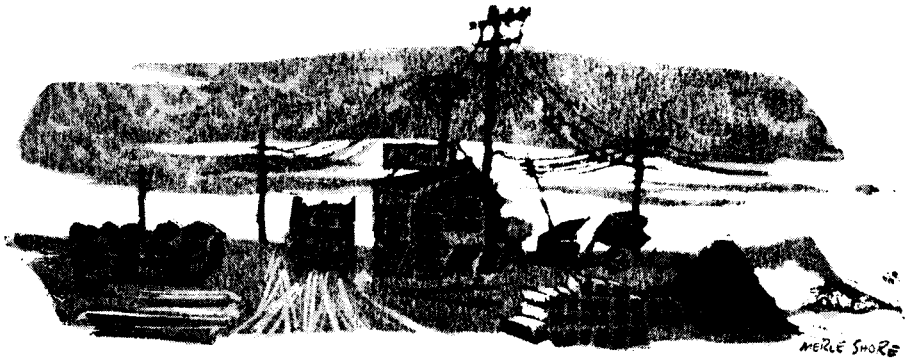

Bailing Out The Cotton Industry

JULIUS DUSCHA

THE Senate Agriculture Committee is now considering a bill with the innocuous title "An Act for Cotton Research and Promotion." The legislation is ostensibly an attempt to help the declining cotton industry face the competition of synthetic yarns by stimulating research projects and cotton promotion. But in fact its main effect would be to put the government in the position of underwriting commercial advertising campaigns for a private industry.

The advertising and research would be paid for under a Federally supervised program that would assess cotton farmers a dollar for every bale they produced. But the actual distribution of the money raised by the program—an estimated $12.5 million for this year—would be left to the discretion of a private group representing the cotton industry.

The passage of the bill by the House earlier this year was an example of the way in which a well-organized lobby can push legislation through Congress if it has the support of a powerful chairman like Representative Harold D. Cooley (D., North Carolina) of the House Agriculture Committee. The bill, which Cooley introduced, was drafted by lawyers for the National Cotton Council of America, the industry's principal lobby, and its most immediate purpose appears to be the rescue of a faltering fund-raising drive initiated by the council.

In 1960 the council, which represents cotton mills as well as farmers, established the Cotton Producers Institute to promote the use of cotton. The institute set up a voluntary assessment plan to finance its advertising program, but it was never able to raise more than $3 million in any single year, even though cotton production had been amounting to nearly fifteen million bales annually. (It is expected to drop to 12.5 million bales in 1966.) Last year, when receipts from the voluntary program declined to $2.5 million, the leaders of the council and its subsidiary institute decided that only the Federal government could salvage its promotion campaign.

Cooley Labor

Under the draft legislation submitted to Cooley by the council, the Secretary of Agriculture would be empowered to call an election among the nation's 600,000 cotton producers to vote on the dollar-a-bale assessment. But this would not be an ordinary election, for the bill provides that the assessment could go into effect either if two-thirds of the cotton farmers approved it or if farmers accounting for two-thirds of cotton production voted in favor of the program. Cotton farming is dominated by large producers; less than fourteen per cent of them account for two-thirds of the total production. Thus a small minority of farmers could dictate the outcome.

But the assessment would have to be paid by all cotton farmers, whether they were poverty-stricken Negroes in South Carolina scratching five bales a year out of tired soil or Mississippi planters supervising mechanized operations on rich land producing fifty thousand bales annually. Farmers who did not wish to participate in the program could have their assessments refunded only through a complicated procedure designed to discourage dissenters.

It would cost the Agriculture Department $400,000 to conduct such an election and $50,000 a year to collect the assessments, process requests for refunds, and supervise the program. These substantial administrative expenses would not be taken out of the promotion fund; the money would come from Federal tax revenues.

Once the program was approved, it would be supervised by a Cotton Board appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture and made up of cotton producers. The board would not get into the details of the promotion program. Instead, it would designate a private organization representing cotton producers to be responsible for spending the fund raised by the assessments on advertising, other promotional work, and research dedicated to increase the use of cotton. The private organization that would get the money would in all likelihood be either the National Cotton Council or its Cotton Producers Institute, since they are the only groups that meet the standards set forth in the legislation.

Though cotton mills would be expected to benefit from the promotion program as much as farmers, the legislation makes no provision for contributions from them. They were exempted partly because the council felt that an assessment on the mills was more likely to be reflected in higher prices for cotton textiles than one levied on farmers. Higher prices for cotton goods would only tend to cancel the expanded sales sought by the advertising campaign. Another reason for the exemption of mills is that most major companies process both synthetic and cotton goods and have no particular interest in taking sides in the fight for textile markets. Yet, in the crazy-quilt world of cotton legislation, the strongest Congressional support for the assessment came from Southern representatives like

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Cooley who have cotton mills in their districts.

Because the needs of the Cotton Council coincided with political pressures on Cooley and other Representatives from states where cotton farming and cotton mills are important, the legislation moved quickly through the House Agriculture Committee and onto the floor. The 1965 farm bill included controversial provisions designed to reduce cotton production in the face of rising surpluses, and Cooley and many of his Southern colleagues were searching for ways to demonstrate to restless constituents that cotton still has plenty of friends on Capitol Hill.

THE Department of Agriculture, which is already spending $18 million a year on cotton-research programs, went along with the Cotton Council's plan. Under Secretary John A. Schnittker pointed out in a letter to Cooley that cotton's share of the U.S. fiber market had decreased from sixty-five per cent to fifty-three per cent during the last five years. In the meantime, the cost of cotton subsidies has steadily increased, totaling more than $3 billion during the last decade and $601 million in 1965 alone.

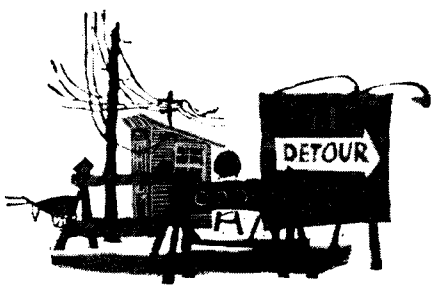
The conservative American Farm Bureau Federation and the liberal National Farmers Union, two of the largest farm organizations, both opposed the assessment proposal. This in itself was news, for the Farm Bureau and the Farmers Union seldom agree. Reuben L. Johnson, the Farmers Union's legislative director, told the Agriculture Committee that his organization felt it was unfair to require farmers to contribute to a promotion fund without also placing such a requirement on cotton mills and other cotton processors. Charles Shuman, president of the Farm Bureau and a vigorous supporter of Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, which allows states to prohibit union shops, told the House Agriculture Committee when he testified against the dollar-a-bale assessment: "There is a much closer parallel in the rationale on which this legislation is based and the arguments made in favor of repeal of Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act than many of the supporters of this legislation would want to concede."

Representative Robert J. Dole (R., Kansas) followed a similar line of argument, attacking the bill as "compulsory cottonism," while Frank Thompson, Jr. (D., New Jersey), charged that the House was being asked to set up a union shop for cotton farmers. The parallels are not exact, but they are close enough to embarrass the Southern supporters of the cotton bill who argued so vigorously against the repeal of Section 14(b) last year. Cooley tried to cut off such comparisons by saying: "We are talking about agriculture. I am not getting off on something else."

It was only during the heat of the floor debate that Harlan Hagen (D., California), a spokesman for California cotton producers and a supporter of the legislation, blurted out the truth of the matter: "The motivation of this legislation is the same motivation that applies to union shops," Hagen declared. "There are too many free riders in the cotton business. They are not necessarily small farmers either, believe me. This is an effort to get some discipline in seeking fairness for cotton producers."

'There's the Rub'

The compulsory aspect of the legislation may not have worried such cotton spokesmen as Cooley and Hagen, but it did bother the five-man Mississippi House delegation, which opposed the bill. "When they get his dollar," Thomas G. Abernethy said, "it is all over so far as the farmer is concerned—except that he can take his hat in hand and walk around to the county ASC [Agriculture Stabilization and Conservation Service] office, be labeled as a nonco-operator—apologize—bear the ignominy and the humiliation that goes with it—and say, 'Will you please give me my dollar back?' That is the situation. This is wrong."



While some Southern Democrats squirmed, House Republicans had a field day. Paul Findley of Illinois asked, "Is it in the public interest to establish the precedent of placing the Secretary of Agriculture in charge of a program under which millions of dollars are passed out, on a selective basis, to buy TV and radio time, newspaper and magazine space, and—who knows—perhaps even a few discreetly located billboards? This responsibility could lead to tribulations without end. . . . Think of the panic ahead in the White House if the Secretary finds it impossible to stretch the checkoff dollars far enough to cover simultaneously a saturation sales pitch on men's sweatshirts and one of the virtues of one hundred per cent cotton underwear for milady. To choose? Aye, there's the rub (and I speak not of Cannon towels) . . ."

Before the roll was called, Carl Albert (D., Oklahoma), the House Majority Leader, pleaded for the legislation: "We are trying to find a means by which the cotton producer can compete with other types of fibers. This is the only way you can make advertising in the field of cotton somewhat comparable to that in respect to other fibers."

At first even Albert's plea did not seem enough to carry the bill. More persuasive was the muscle of the House leadership, muscle that is used whenever legislation supported by a committee chairman seems to be in trouble. After the roll had been called the usual two times the bill still lacked a majority; Albert and other House leaders quickly persuaded five Democrats, four of them freshmen, to change their votes. The final vote was 189 to 183.

The outlook for the legislation in the Senate is uncertain, though the two most powerful members of its Agriculture Committee, Chairman Allen J. Ellender (D., Louisiana) and James O. Eastland (D., Mississippi), face re-election this year and might be helped by expeditious passage of the bill. Eastland himself is a big cotton producer who has always been receptive to suggestions from an industry that looks more to the Federal government than to itself to save it from synthetics.

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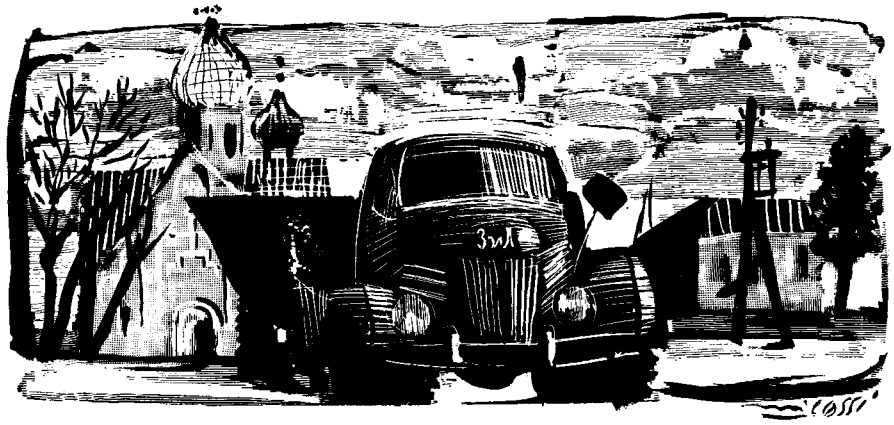

The Communist Car: An Upside-Down Status Symbol

ALEXANDER BREGMAN

THERE IS a special department in heaven for dead motorists, a current joke in Warsaw goes. St. Peter asks a newly arrived soul: "Nationality?" "American." "Car make?" "Cadillac." "What happened?" "Speed of one hundred miles an hour. Crashed into a tree." The next deceased answers the same questions: "Italian; Alfa Romeo; icy road." The third: "A Pole; bought a Syrena on the installment plan; died of starvation."

All over Eastern Europe, to own a car is the great dream. Yet according to the Polish weekly *Polityka,* the five European Communist car-producing countries manufactured a total of about four hundred thousand cars in 1964, or just about one car for every eight hundred inhabitants and less than half as many as were sold in the United States back in 1915.

There are only two ways to get a car without delay. One is to be a top party or government official who will either have a state-owned car at his disposal or will be given priority for immediate delivery. The other is to have relatives in the West who will pay for it in hard currency. With generous western connections, a Pole can obtain a home-produced Syrena costing $1,000, a Soviet-produced Volga at double the cost, or a Czechoslovak Skoda or an East German Wartburg at a price somewhere in between the other two. But few can expect such a gift.

Some Polish engineers, architects, and technicians have found another short cut to car ownership: signing up for a year's work in an underdeveloped country in order to earn the purchase price of a car in foreign currency. Even luckier professionals have been given permission to work for a year or so in Britain, France, Sweden, or the United States; at the end of their residence abroad they return with a car—and a lot of other things. But for the great majority of enthusiasts the road to ownership is very much rougher and longer.

In 1964, according to the report in *Polityka,* a hundred thousand Czechoslovaks put down twenty thousand crowns each, about sixteen months' average income, in return for which they were placed on a waiting list with hope of delivery of a Skoda car some time in 1966. Early last year the Warsaw Department of Commerce announced that applications for Soviet and Czechoslovak cars would be accepted for an hour a day during the succeeding ten days. The announcement added:

"The following papers should be attached to the application:

"(a) A certificate from the manager of the enterprise describing the post occupied by the applicant; the purpose of the purchase; the opportunities of using the car for professional work; and the average monthly amount of prizes and bonuses.

"(b) A declaration that the applicant during the past three years has not bought a new car at the state car-selling organization. Should it happen that three years have not elapsed since the last purchase of a car but the car has been damaged beyond further use, the applicant has to present an additional certificate to this effect."

Nonetheless, during those ten days hundreds of Poles queued for hours to fill in an application and enclose the required certificates, all duly stamped. Their chance of success was slim. In 1966 only one Pole in a thousand will be lucky enough to buy a new car: thirty thousand are expected to be sold in a country with a population of thirty-one million. Their new owners will have waited for at least two years for delivery.

Still, Poles are more fortunate than Russians, who might have to wait up to seven years. And everywhere in Eastern Europe the price is beyond most citizens. A Russian earning on the average of 105 rubles a month has to pay 3,400 rubles for his Moskvich. For a Polish worker the price of a Moskvich would represent five years' average income. The Czechs come off best—for only two years' average income they can have a home-produced automobile. Yet many people do save to buy a car on the installment plan even though the monthly payments are too much for them.

How to Become a Millionaire

In the West the person who wants a car but can't afford a new one is usually able to manage a second-hand one. Not so in Eastern Europe. A used car, though immediately available, will cost him even more than a new one. In East Germany a 1949 Volkswagen brings four thousand marks, about a thousand dollars. In Warsaw, where there is an open-air market for used cars every Sunday, the price asked for a two-year-old Volkswagen is 180,000 zlotys, which even at the most favorable exchange rate is almost $8,400

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and represents an eight years' average income.

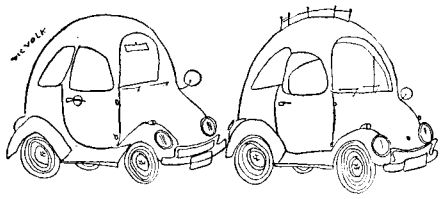
In Czechoslovakia the Bratislava weekly *Hlas Ludu* wrote of the secondhand-car racket: "Without a blush the owner is asking a price between 45,000 and 50,000 crowns [about $6,250 to $6,950 at the official exchange rate] although he himself paid the official price, which is 8,000 to 10,000 crowns less. Not a bad profit." The paper suggested that Mototechna, the state car-sales organization, be given the sole right to sell used cars and to prosecute both "the modern racketeers as well as those who pay inflated prices." *Hlas Ludu* admitted, however, that the only real solution was a "sufficiency of cars."

With the recent building of new factories, the new-car outlook for the next few years is slightly rosier. In Czechoslovakia a modern Skoda factory started to produce cars comparable to the Renault Dauphine in 1964. Because of high costs of production—twice as high as expected—hopes of foreign sales have faded and car-hungry Czechs will find buying a little easier. Italian Fiats, already built under license in Yugoslavia and soon to be built in the Soviet Union, may also be produced in a few years in Romania and Poland. But despite these small signs of improvement, for millions of East Europeans a car will remain a dream for a good many years to come.

FOR THOSE FEW who are rewarded for years of waiting and saving, the day soon comes when they wonder whether it was all worthwhile. Since the price is enormous, the buyers—it is reasoned—must have got the money by some illegal means. In the Soviet Union and in Poland especially, the authorities, faced by a wave of "economic crimes," treat owners of new cars as possible embezzlers or thieves.

Izvestia quotes a Soviet motorist as saying to a hitchhiker to whom he had given a lift: "Do I look like a bandit and a speculator? Well, I am an engineer and it took me ten years to save enough money for this car." If people buy television sets, pianos, or rugs, it comes under the heading of "improving the well-being of the people," he continued, "but if you buy a car or win one in a lottery, you become suspect." And a Pole in a letter to *Polityka*, commenting on the authorities' appeal for help in detecting economic crimes, wrote that a man who spends everything he earns and more on drinking will always be considered harmless, but one who saves his money to buy a car "will be persecuted as a hoarder." Moreover, even if rigorous investigation into a motorist's financial background shows that he came by the car honestly, he must expect to pay a higher income tax.

THIS IS NOT ALL that will befall the car owner. Thus, when the Polish government decided to dismiss a large number of technicians in 1964, *Polityka* commented: "Woe to those who own an automobile, for they will be the first to be fired, because the idea has been accepted that anyone who owns a car will not perish." Still another complaint was made by a motorist quoted in *Izvestia*: When



you tell the authorities that your car was burned by malevolent children, they answer, "Nobody likes a private car owner."

Even new cars need frequent repair, yet repair shops are very scarce. The automobile industry is a recent development in most Eastern European countries and has little experience. Only lately has it been permitted to build under western license, nor would the governments bring in foreign specialists. A Polish journalist described in *Polityka* how the Syrena car was born in 1957: "An engine from a fireman's pump, doors from a Warszawa car, frame from bent pipes, and a wooden roof—this is how the first truly Polish Syrena car was built in an unique and unrepeatable way. It did not come down from a conveyor, for there was none. It was pushed out of a shed." The writer also quoted a popular saying: Syrena runs at one hundred kilometers per hour and is out of order every two hundred kilometers. According to an account by a Polish housewife in a letter to *Zycie Warszawy*, after she and her husband became proud owners of a Syrena the steering system had to be repaired once, the transmission twice, and the generator every thousand kilometers.

CONSTANT REPAIR is necessary not only to replace faulty parts but also stolen ones. Thefts are a constant nightmare. One moment of inattention may cost the motorist a side lamp or a wiper blade. The wise car owner usually carries a stock of spare parts. Otherwise he would have to buy replacements at inflated prices in private repair shops where units of doubtful origin are available.

It is also sensible to carry extra fuel. Gas stations are scarce. In Hungary a motorist may sometimes line up for half an hour to get to a pump; in all of the Soviet Union there are about 1,500 stations; Prague, with a population of more than a million, has only three gas stations open twenty-four hours a day; until recently in Poland two-thirds of the gas stations were open for only eight hours a day and the motorist who arrived after three in the afternoon was out of luck. During the last year an experiment was started: while the stations remain state-owned, attendants are paid according to the amount of gasoline sold. By resorting to the profit motive, the Poles hope the attendants will lose their former indifference to customers and will keep the stations open late in the evening and on Sundays.

Despite all the troubles that start as soon as the car is delivered, the citizens of Eastern Europe will not abandon their dream. One day, perhaps, car owners will even be respected by the authorities. A Polish author wrote recently in *Polityka* that while "A few years ago owning a car was considered at best a bourgeois relic," the "climate around four wheels is slowly changing," even in the Soviet Union. He mentioned as evidence articles in the Soviet press appealing for a greater tolerance toward car owners. As *Izvestia* itself has suggested, "They too are human beings and citizens."

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Imagination and the Age

ALFRED KAZIN

In the nineteen-forties our first great modern writers began to drop off: those who had typically been born in the eighteen-seventies, eighties, and nineties, in the old, provincial republic incarnated in the Middle West, who had long outlived their best work—Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, Willa Cather—now died just when new writers like Saul Bellow and Tennessee Williams were coming up. Bellow's first novel, *Dangling Man,* appeared in 1944, and Williams's first success, *The Glass Menagerie,* was produced in 1945. 1945 was the year that Edmund Wilson published "The Crack-Up" and other melancholy memorials of the lost generation by his Princeton friend F. Scott Fitzgerald, who had already been dead five years; the year that Dreiser died; in which Gertrude Stein, exhilarated by the visits of so many G.I.'s in Paris for whom she was literary history, published her usual late whimsy in *Wars I Have Seen;* the year in which Steinbeck published another poor book, *Cannery Row.* 1945 saw dire predictions from George Orwell in *Animal Farm* and H. G. Wells in *Mind at The End of Its Tether* and Hermann Broch's *The Death of Virgil.* English Socialists and European humanists alike knew it was the end of an age, but the young American writers knew that the pious cant of American business and the dreariness of Main Street were outworn subjects in an America that was now the colossus of the world.

These years in which Hitler's war ended and the cold war began saw the end of the pioneer modern generation that had come to splendor in the 1920's and the rise of new writers born around the time of the First World War and come of age during the depression—Bellow's *Dangling Man* and *The Victim;* Randall Jarrell's *Little Friend, Little Friend;* Carson McCullers's *The Member of the Wedding;* Karl Shapiro's *V-Letter;* John Hersey's *Hiroshima;* Robert Lowell's *Lord Weary's Castle;* Elizabeth Bishop's *North and South;* Mary McCarthy's *The Company She Keeps;* William Maxwell's *The Folded Leaf;* Jean Stafford's *Boston Adventure;* Lionel Trilling's *The Middle of the Journey;* J. F. Powers's *Prince of Darkness;* Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men;* Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman;* John Horne Burns's *The Gallery;* Truman Capote's *Other Voices, Other Rooms;* Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead;* Theodore Roethke's *The Lost Son;* Delmore Schwartz's *The World Is a Wedding;* John Hawkes's *The Cannibal;* Edward Albee's *The Zoo Story;* Nelson Algren's *The Man With the Golden Arm;* Walter Van Tilburg Clark's *The Track of the Cat;* James Agee's *The Morning Watch;* James Jones's *From Here to Eternity;* J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye;* William Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness;* Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man;* Flannery O'Connor's *Wise Blood;* Bernard Malamud's *The Natural.*

These were the new writers and the distinctive new books that were coming up just as the writers who had cleared the way were now becoming "modern literature," the established mode. By the 1940's the "new criticism" had become academic practice and Eliot, Pound, Hemingway, and Faulkner were the academic canon, along with the newly revived Henry James.

But the new writers were one's generation, one's friends, one's own—Saul, Carson, Cal, Jean—people who in the 1930's had been Trotskyites and welfare relief workers, during the war conscientious objectors with no religious protection and sentenced to jail—people talented, erratic, apocalyptic, often enough manic drinkers, unaccommodating politically and unstable maritally. Astonishingly in this literature conceived and sustained by the Protestant imagination, several were Catholics, like James Powers, Flannery O'Connor, and the then converts Jean Stafford and Robert Lowell; even more astonishing, several were Jews—not Potash and Perlmutter Jews, comedians-in-dialect Jews, but writers of formidable intelligence and knowledge, like Lionel Trilling, Saul Bellow, Delmore Schwartz, and Karl Shapiro, who had natural elegance and who wrote English lovingly, confidently, possessively as their native language and their most intimate human support in a violent and treacherous world.

How wonderful it is to have known writers before they become disguised as Important People—to remember the now famous novelist in his sailor's uniform, the now universally acclaimed poet clinging to McCarthyism, the now distinguished poet drinking insanely on a war-crowded train in her fear of too many other people. I remember these details about friends I love and whose works I cherish because the life spirit of this generation has been trouble. I think of these writers, in the actual conditions of our lives, as intensely vulnerable, constantly frustrated of their natural idealism, and embodying the cruel consciousness of our age—which is why their books carry titles like *Invisible Man, Dangling Man, The Victim, Hiroshima, Prince of Darkness, The Naked And The Dead, The Lost Son, The Cannibal, The Zoo Story, Death of a Salesman, Lie Down in Darkness....*

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How many of these books have come out of the South, so experienced in defeat, so practiced in evasion, where white writers learned the use of style by mimicking the rhetoric that concealed defeat, and Negro writers learned the force of style in jazz; out of the big-city streets, the bedlam of tongues, where Negro and Jewish writers alike learned the new language that a new experience requires —in physical labor, physical violence, street-corner meetings, the last dribble of religious eloquence in a Harlem church.

The survival power of these writers was sorely tested in their youth, and when they delivered themselves as independent human beings and earned their emancipation by becoming writers, they entered upon the twenty years since the war that make up the setting of contemporary writing—twenty years of the most violently accelerated living in human history, so that, as a Russian writer once said to me, only the special "quickness" of a new style can keep pace with the age. Twenty years of the most consciously critical years in history, so that poets have been increasingly dwarfed by the torrent of public rhetoric, and their ideas are as modest and kittenish as Englishmen now are when visiting America. Twenty years in which the worst as easily as the best have come to "lack all conviction," so that one wonders whether some literary attitudes now require the slightest intelligence, and whether writing itself may not be becoming an archaic trade, like basket weaving.

TWENTY YEARS—a period in which the United States has become the greatest power not merely on earth but in all history, so that not unnaturally it has at the same time lost its provincial virtue, taking with this the standard of social criticism that made possible the realistic novel from Mark Twain to Sinclair Lewis. Twenty years of war, of war prosperity, of war inflation, of unparalleled satisfaction for the ascending middle class and unparalleled consciousness for the awakened but not equally ascending Negroes—so that for the first time we *know* that we are two nations; we accept the charge when it is shouted by James Baldwin and LeRoi Jones. Twenty years of concentrated governmental power looking after our welfare and looking into our subversiveness—twenty years of growing power for all Federal police and intelligence agencies, so that political fiction has become science fiction and the most commonplace Washington tale parodies the nightmare of Orwell's and Koestler's heroes under totalitarianism.

Twenty years in which we have all been wired in for sound, every hour on the hour, to the madly self-promoting instruments of mass communications—so that our faces are always turned toward the headlines, the television screens, the monster advertisements, the instant news that brings us simultaneous apprehensions of disaster, assassination, fallout, invasion, war. Many writers have put this into fiction only to recognize that they have duplicated the newspapers. Twenty years in which the words Auschwitz and Hiroshima have become banalities of accusation, so that the continued refrain of book after book is our guilt. You did it, you, said Kenneth Rexroth, in the elegy on Dylan Thomas that is easy to parody but is recognizably our own incoherent anger. You did it, you son of a bitch. You and me—we are all guilty. It was the times. It is the age.

IT IS the age. Everything now comes down to the age, to this often diversionary hyperawareness of what Lionel Trilling likes to call *our situation*—the site of all moral problems that has become the cant of writers. But as against this obsession with the age, where, as that ancient gallant knight of art Scott Fitzgerald put it, is the personal stamp that gets into a man's work so that you can read it like braille?

If we had time to extend this essay in historical definition, we could speak of the imaginative autonomy of Vladimir Nabokov's *Pale Fire*, the extraordinary use of style to serve the truth of personal experience in Robert Lowell's *Life Studies*, the delicate articulations of the human impasse in Walker Percy's *The Moviegoer*, the extraordinary directness of the relationship between boys in William Maxwell's *The Folded Leaf*, the graphic detail holding up the fallen world in J. F. Powers's *The Prince of Darkness*, the sustained mood of emotional defeat in William Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness*, the dramatic wit of J. D. Salinger's first stories about the now preposterously Olympian Glass family—of the narrative drive of James Baldwin's best work, the essays in *Notes of a Native Son*, the parable of conversion in Bernard Malamud's *The Assistant*, the precocity of John Updike's *Rabbit, Run*, the Joycean mimicry of J. P. Donleavy's *The Ginger Man*, the extraordinary foreboding of social dissolution in John Cheever's collected stories, *The Enormous Radio*, the hallucinatory simplicity of Theodore Roethke's *The Lost Son*, the conscious re-creation of Negro experience along the lines of traditional myth in Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*—in many ways the strongest American novel of this period, the one most genuinely expressive of the unconscious, primitive, and "religious" feelings for which the literary mind now pines most.

So many talents, some good books, many interesting minds—so many borderline talents hovering between "creation" and journalism as if it were up to them to decide between real feelings and conversational despair; so many would-be satirists newly sprung from the advertising agencies and television studios who turn out to be only one step ahead of the newly piquant ads and commercials; so many literary analysts and so few critics. Why is the tough direct style of Alan Dugan's poems at first so exciting and then so flat? Why did Hemingway have just one story to write—of his own vulnerability? How can anybody take seriously Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools*? When will Nelson Algren stop blaming intellectuals for his lack of inspiration? What does it say about literature that all the Sunday supplements are now as strong on *Angst* as *Partisan Review* some twenty years ago? Why, on Seventh Avenue, do they call merchandise merchandise, but a block away, on Broadway, call it "theatre"? Too many questions, but they add up to the same anxious, driving American will to *make* something noble of this period, transcending our cluttered lives, our unexpected bitterness. Let me specify by attempting concentrated definitions of two

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cases I know well, Norman Mailer and Saul Bellow.

MAILER is the child of prosperity as Bellow is the child of depression. Mailer thinks himself a natural radical frustrated by the money economy and middle-class morality, but he moves with the excitement of the star, the performer, the winner. He is drawn to the centers of power and the powerful people, he is tempted by all available privileges and pleasures. He talks a lot about cancer, which in the gospel of Dr. Wilhelm Reich represents the self-destruction of the repressed personality. But repression in any form is unbelievable to Mailer; it represents the old economy of scarcity—not present-day Las Vegas, Washington, New York, not the view from the heights of the Waldorf Towers in *An American Dream*, not Barney Kelley the money man inside the golden room, not Stephen Richards Rojack making it with woman after woman the same night.

Mailer is a chronicler of American power in the grand realistic mode that made the novel in this country; which is why people are interested in him even when they don't approve of him, and why his novels —of war, *The Naked and the Dead;* of orgy and McCarthyism, *The Deer Park;* of sexual hate and social skill, *An American Dream*—always revolve around images of power, of concentrated intellectual force, of the power to move other bodies, above all, other *minds*. But unlike earlier realists, Mailer is maddened, as only romantic poets are, by the gap between the artist's conviction of his value as magician and clairvoyant and saint, and a society that feeds the writer's fantasies of unlimited personal perception but is actually indifferent.

Mailer's work, especially after *The Naked and the Dead*, expresses in vivid and original narrative style the sensations of the man who is implicated in the power machine and frightened by it—who like Oppenheimer, Kennedy, and how many other tragic protagonists of our period, smartly uses American power but becomes the victim of it—whose skills are entirely of the culture, who loves the game, the wealth, the girls, but who can never rest in any privilege as the really brainy American entrepreneurs never rest in one, because power on the new scale creates nothing human proportionate to its release of energy.

Mailer has caught the human disgust in this process, he has come close to the odors of the human body and the wild drama always being enacted on the human face; he has come close, almost too close, to the full extremity of our naked secular American being, always engaged in the conquest of space, of money, of position, at the same time aware of itself making history and dominating time, looking too closely at itself in the mirror. D. H. Lawrence, in his marvelous introduction to Edward Dahlberg's *Bottom Dogs*, spoke of the unnatural irritation that Americans feel, in their too hygienic lives, with the smell of their fellow beings. Mailer is proficient and troubling in this region of acute self-confrontation. Coming at the end of the old individualistic line in American writing, he portrays the penalties of being nothing but a self, as voracious of mind as we are insatiable of body; he has caught the wild despair that is at the heart of so much ambition in America, the sense of unreality when the gamblers in Las Vegas at five in the morning see the sky alight from a nuclear explosion on the Nevada testing grounds, the sexual trials by combat, the distortion of language by the popular media.

Above all, Mailer has shown himself to be a political novelist whose inescapable subject is the price we have paid for our power: the loss of our supposed democratic uniqueness and its legendary virtue, and the fact that in a revolutionary world we have become identified with counter-revolution. Mailer's seeming paranoia in *Barbary Shore* about our secret police and intelligence agencies reads now as an anticipation of the unchecked role of the CIA in Guatemala and Cuba. More and more it is we who have shown, by our response to him and his books, that he is the kind of primary novelist who works a transformation of people's feelings about life, who provides the images of man that readers later find in themselves.

Yet of course Mailer seems to us less than a perfect novelist: his books are so full of fantasies and mirages that it requires critical steadiness, an eye for the possibilities of imagination in our age, to recognize how good he is. When you compare him with Saul Bellow, who in respect to control and belief seems not eight years older but of another generation, you can see just how the accelerating crisis of consciousness inflates and disturbs the writer's image of himself. Bellow is a thinker as much as he is a novelist; it is easy to feel that *Herzog* is even more a triumph of analytic intelligence than of representative fiction.

Far from rolling with the punch of history, as Mailer likes to boast that he does, Bellow shows, increasingly, attitudes of chastened hope and of what one may call religious sobriety. Yet this intellectualizing of Bellow's own sensibility in *Herzog*, particularly noticeable in the book's transformation of an early draft as it appeared in *Esquire*, must be seen against the whole background of what I call his crisis mentality. It is this that explains why Bellow has become so nationally popular and representative a novelist.

THE CRISIS MENTALITY has in fact become everyone's mentality. It is this that explains the relevance of Bellow's work just now, for the essence of it is unquiet, the feeling of being on the brink, along with the need to come to terms with one's existence catch-as-catch-can, by humor, speculation, fantasy and violence as a creative being. Bellow's novels deal with perilous situations —the dangling man in the Chicago boardinghouse waiting to go to war, the victim of anti-Semitic paranoia who in this case is the anti-Semite himself, Augie the Chicago street boy always just barely making his way through all those who want to adopt and civilize him, Henderson the fat thinker unable to satisfy his insatiable human will, Tommy Wilhelm the lost son finding a hint of grace only in a funeral he identifies with his own, Herzog the cuckold philosopher who looks at the stars in their courses, suffers browbeating lawyers in their offices, and knows that no external form of "reality" can share, understand, or affect his suffering.

All these books are witty in their

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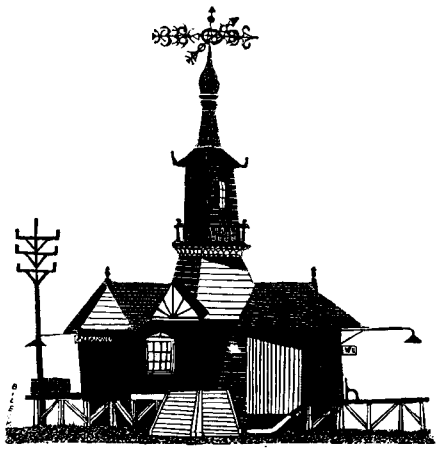
settings: witty, above all, in the way they match the vulnerable man with the ferocity of his circumstances. The contest is farcical as well as inhuman. Never were more unlikely contenders brought to battle than in what Herzog calls this "post-quixotic, post-copernican USA, where a mind freely poised in space might discover relationships utterly unsuspected by a seventeenth-century man sealed in his smaller universe . . . in nine-tenths of his existence he was exactly what others were before him."

Joseph the dangling man weighs the incoherence of his days against the serenity of a Haydn slow movement. Asa Leventhal, the Jew accused by Allbee the anti-Semite of conspiring against *him,* helplessly takes Allbee in. All extremes join in the natural paradoxes of human existence. Herzog listening to testimony on the murder of a child by her mother and the mother's lover reflects that people get *up* to murder but *down* to make love. Herzog is cuckolded during the hours he is away getting psychoanalyzed.

These harsh turns of thought, these absurd and brutal contingencies of existence, are suddenly capped, in *Herzog*, by the most unlikely hope for the world as a whole. This development has profoundly irritated a great many young people brought up on the absurdist doctrines of permanent alienation, and this new hope does read strangely in *Herzog*, for it is the outcome of a process of stylistic compression that makes the language of Bellow's novels compelling in their wit. Hope expresses itself more elegantly in Bellow's style than does despair. Despair, indeed, has for him no form. "God" enters the book as an epigram. The style is more than the content, and in *Herzog*, as the style of one man's mind, *becomes* the content.

Herzog is a mosaic of stylistic gestures, and reminds us that the *élan vital* of modern literature has been its faith in literature alone, in the resources of style, in the truth of imagination. It is significant that some of the most interesting twentieth-century novelists began as poets and have longed to remain poets. Faulkner once told an interviewer: "I'm a failed poet. Maybe every novelist wants to write poetry first, finds he can't, and then tries the short story, which is the most demanding form after poetry. And failing at that, only then does he take up novel writing." Hemingway's work is secured by its style. The novelists who appeal most to our sympathies in this age are poets in the sense that their imaginative constructions are poised on the deliberations of style. No longer do we understand powerful novelists, like Dreiser, whose effects derive from epic accumulations of detail rather than from the conscious exertions of style.

The only novelists who interest us now are those who command the language to interest us. Language to



many writers today has become their conscious hope, their feeling, their only known means of transcendence. Flaubert, who was sickened by the impurity of language in his disgust with all the banalities of a wholly bourgeois existence, has proved to be a greater influence on other novelists than Balzac or Dickens, who took the power of language for granted and trained the intensity of their gaze on the drama of power in the nineteenth century.

Language, the right language, is our only salvation now. To express things well, to be a knight of language, a proficient of art, means more to writers now than any comprehensive vision. The key word to the modern sensibility is the phoniness of public professions and the self-exhausting materiality of a wholly secular existence. Language is where we—I—the questing self—alone lives. Language alone extends, invents, discovers. Salvation is in art alone: in what art does for the artist, in the reality it confers on him.

> Time that is intolerant
> Of the brave and innocent,
> And indifferent in a week
> To a beautiful physique,
> Worships language and forgives
> Everyone by whom it lives;
> Pardons cowardice, conceit
> Lays its honors at their feet.
> Time that with this strange excuse
> Pardoned Kipling and his views,
> And will pardon Paul Claudel
> Pardons him for writing well.

These lines from Auden's elegy on Yeats express the faith that drives many contemporary American novelists as well as poets. Experiencing the expressive variants of body smells in Mailer's *An American Dream,* of all possible sexual grapplings and pulsations in his wonderful narrative of intercourse, "The Time of Her Time," one recognizes that in this America of prizefighters and gambling and orgies which Mailer is always trying to master, his greatest pride is in catching such sidelights and secrets of existence as only poets used to catch. "Do you know psychosis? Have you explored its cave?" asks Rojack in *An American Dream.* Consciousness is a cave, and our only hope is to show that we are not afraid of it, that we can get in, that we know. Knowing is what the pride of language is all about—getting on top of events, showing that our minds are master.

And that is why it is so significant that Moses Elkanah Herzog is an expert on the Romantic consciousness, which in its conscious selfhood now dominates our fiction as it has for so long dominated poetry in English. *Herzog* the book becomes the mind of Herzog the intellectual who is its hero. In his shame and anger Herzog can find release, a better reality, only in thinking well. He has to know, to master his experience in reflection, to *say* it right. Herzog converts himself from the greatest humiliation into the greatest mastery —inside his own head. Nothing and nobody else is affected. Just as we read certain romantic poems with the utmost sympathy because they trace our developing consciousness, so *Herzog* owes its success to the fact that we are all with the anti-hero. Because we are, at best now, nobodies who *say* this right.

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Love and Hate and Dr. Tisch

MONICA STERBA

THE TROUBLE with Dr. Tisch was that he hated his patients. He hated them not for their resistance to him, which usually refused to disappear in the course of treatment, nor for the aggressiveness and infantilism he was supposed to encourage them to face and express. He hated them because they were dull. He hated their unimaginative dreams, their insipid rages, their underlying eagerness to adjust and conform; the overwhelming triviality of the childhood experiences that were vomited, for so he thought of it, over his uncomplaining couch, into his helpless ears, day after day after day. He hated them for the awed tones in which they told him, as though admitting to incest and parricide, of things he had heard a thousand times before. He hated them for being uncultured, and most of all for being low-bred. For in the depths of Dr. Tisch's plump and not thoroughly appetizing being was a thin, fastidious, enervated soul, a fine coiled spring of disdain. Dr. Tisch was a snob. His snobbery was ingrained, passionate, joyous, and desperate, deeper than anything he found in his patients or told them he found; it was the secret rose in the heart of the worm, the very essence of Dr. Tisch.

Had it been possible, he would have chosen a profession which gave more scope to his boundless love for rank, titles, and pomp; genealogy, perhaps. No more direct way of satisfying it could have been found. The tottering but gilded world of Central European aristocracy might have been open, as was said in Dr. Tisch's childhood, to wealthy water-closet manufacturers, but not to such as himself, the penniless and untalented son of a minor civil servant. However, family and other circumstances had pushed him into medical school and then psychiatry, as they had pushed him into marriage with Emmy, a thin shrewish girl whose childhood sweetheart had died of typhoid near the end of the first war, and whose social position was hardly more exalted than his own. Dr. Tisch had got by, although even then his patients bored him; one page of the Almanach de Gotha meant more to him than a year of their dreary middle-class revelations. And the aristocracy did not patronize Dr. Tisch.

At first he had tried to rid himself of a vice so unbecoming to one in his profession, where any feelings of class-conflict or snobbery in a patient were immediately explained as masks for repressed hostile or sexual impulses. His own analyst, in the course of his training, had told him that his excitement at any glimpse of the nobility, his lamentable secret reading of the Almanach de Gotha, and his habit of compulsively repeating to himself aristocratic names and the names of heraldic devices were easy to understand.

The whole thing meant only that he wanted to sleep with an aristocratic woman, who being aristocratic and therefore unattainable, represented the unattainable, and the unattainable woman is, of course, one's mother. Yes, Dr. Tisch had said meekly, lying stretched out on the couch. But nevertheless he had only to think of his mother with her hands raw as pumice, her timid way with grocers and bank clerks, the pride with which she beamed when she heard him called Herr Doktor, to know it was not true. One does not mistake a sow's ear for a silk purse. Even in the unconscious. Even one's mother. This thought of Dr. Tisch's shows how fundamental his snobbery was; and analysis, of course, did not touch it. Nor did it make Dr. Tisch, who seemed born for discreet middle-class failure, into a successful psychiatrist.

WHEN he and Emmy emigrated to America just before the Austrian Anschluss, he built up an adequate practice; nothing more. And as he grew older he began to refuse patients he would easily have had time for; and some he had taken, put off by a lack of interest he no longer always bothered to conceal, drifted away to other doctors, or discovered they could do without an analyst altogether. He found the pretence more and more difficult to keep up. It was partly the cumulative effect of years of frustrated surburban housewives, mothers of bed-wetting children, impotent junior executives, each one as obscure and ordinary as the next. Dr. Tisch, who could happily have devoted his life to someone like the mad King Ludwig of Ba-

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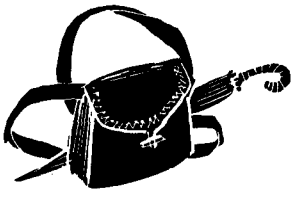
varia, could not, simply could not, work up sympathy for schoolteachers and social workers from the Bronx. And America was a difficult country. There was the language he had learned so laboriously but was never really at home with; and the social distinctions he set such store by operated in ways he could not quite understand.

But there was one happy hour in Dr. Tisch's working day; the one devoted to the Princess Mirska. He had begun these hours after some years in America and after much soul-searching and hesitation. He knew that the luxury of a patient who paid no fees at all was one that Emmy, who kept his accounts, would thoroughly begrudge him. He knew also that what begins as a harmless self-indulgence can become an addiction, and that the initial arrangements might be embarrassing and difficult to make. However, the whole thing worked much better than he had expected. Emmy, of course, gossiped; and the rumor of the princess gave an unawaited boost to his frail professional reputation. He had to admit that the sly questions sometimes put to him about her by colleagues and other patients —for these things are never as secret as one would like—made him feel proud and justly superior. He was even able to raise his fees slightly.

But his main satisfaction was an emotional one. Already, while hanging up the old fur jacket he had come to love, which he always put carefully into the coat closet before the hour, enjoying its faint delicious odor of Crêpe de Chine, Dr. Tisch would be full of a quiet but shining happiness at the thought of the appointment ahead. During this hour—he always made it a full sixty minutes instead of the regulation fifty—the boredom, the sense of failure, the effects of Emmy's peevish nagging, were sloughed off like an old skin, while the richly accented voice of the princess poured into his ears like a healing balm. The princess did not bite her nails or have children who wet their beds or a husband who could only make love to her when she wore black-lace underwear with pink rosettes. Such words as "orgasm" or "mother-fixation" could never have passed her lips, or those of Dr. Tisch in her presence. He thought of her as brave and proud in spite of the great comedown and losses her class had suffered, a pure, noble being with an incredible storehouse of happy memories, which it was Dr. Tisch's privilege to share.

He listened to her stories of the past. It made him happy, and she said it made her so. She talked about her childhood, but the childhood she talked about contained none of the punishments and deprivations, infantile sex games, nasty incidents behind bushes, that were reported by his other patients, when they had anything to report at all. The princess did not question her childhood or reproach it. She told him about the artists and poets her family had patronized and the dances and festivities they had given or attended; about French governesses and footmen and favorite horses, idyllic summers, and long cold winters when she could see from her nursery window the great wolves skulking at the edge of the forest across the snow.

Sometimes, however, only very rarely, the voice of the princess would seem to waver and catch; and Dr. Tisch, ever tactful and reverential, would lean forward with shut eyes, as if waiting and half-dreading a revelation from that gilded and cloistered id. Then the voice would go on, calm and musical as before: "It does me such good to talk to you. Who else would listen so patiently to the ramblings of an old woman? No—don't protest. I am



aging, Dr. Tisch. And the world I was once so happy in has been dead a long time." And Dr. Tisch would murmur something soothing and settle back again. He had no wish to hurry this treatment. In fact, he made no pretence of treating the princess at all. As long as he could listen to her, he was content.

This idyll might have continued, as some analyses do, almost forever, if it had not been for Emmy and for Dr. Tisch himself. The improvement that the princess had made in his reputation had soon worn off, as, with his obvious lack of interest in his other patients, was only to be expected. It was only the guilt produced by Emmy's ever-increasing nagging that made him take on Margit Nelson.

Margit was twenty years old, not a brilliant student, given to bad skin, bad posture, and occasional mild bouts of sectarian religious fervor. The skin, which dermatologists seemed unable to clear up, and the fact that she was still a virgin, had begun to make her think that perhaps she should follow the example of several other girls she knew and Go Into Treatment. Her parents had been tentatively approached and become rather upset on finding what the fees were, but successive outbreaks of tears, acne, and prayer had produced the desired effect. The problem then was to find a therapist whose fees were lower than his reputation; and so Margit Nelson's father had selected Dr. Tisch.

He had always made the princess's hour the last one in the afternoon. When he took on Margit, however, it turned out that because of her classes she could only come for this very hour; and instead of giving the princess his last morning hour, so no patient came directly after her, he had simply given her the hour before Margit's.

And this was how it happened that Dr. Tisch was with the Princess when Margit Nelson set fire to the waiting room.

Margit's analysis had gone badly from the beginning. She was not very impressed with Dr. Tisch, whom she thought too fat, too old, and altogether undistinguished. She also had the feeling, during their initial interview, that he barely listened to what she said. But her friends told her that this was resistance; one was always disappointed in one's analyst at first. "Don't expect miracles," Ruth Meyer had said to her firmly. "And you're not supposed to like your analyst. You're supposed to have all sorts of hostile feelings. Anyway, you can't tell any-

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thing until you've been going for a few months."

So Margit went. "What shall I tell you about?" she asked Dr. Tisch breathlessly her first hour on the couch. "Just say whatever comes into your head," he returned wearily. "All right," said Margit. "I'm thinking about how ugly you are. Does that upset you?" He sighed; this was a familiar response. Besides, it was true that he was ugly. "No," he said, "It's quite normal for patients to come up with aggressive thoughts when first asked to free associate. Please go on."

"Do you know," said Margit, "I suddenly remember something. I think it has to do with something I dreamed last night but I'm not sure. I remember a tool shed we used to have in the back yard when we lived on Long Island. It was sort of big, big enough for two or three kids to get into, and we used to play house and things in it. I mean my brother and I and the girl next door. Her name was Sally. She had long pigtails and she was always chewing bubble gum so it popped all over her face. Well, one day Sally said she wanted to play a new game, about being doctors and nurses. . . ."

Dr. Tisch shut his eyes and thought of the cool voice of the princess describing the white silences of her young winters, the governess who had read her Racine and Verlaine, the skaters moving gracefully on the glittering lake of St. Moritz.

"I can't help it," said Margit a few weeks later to Ruth and Hermione. "I just don't think it's right. He never interprets anything. He hardly talks to me at all—just says please go on. Sometimes not even that. If I turn around and look—which I have a few times though I know you're not supposed to—he does seem to be listening, but I can't help thinking he might as well be asleep."

"He doesn't want to make any interpretations yet, I'm sure." said Ruth. "It's much too early. And you have a really strong resistance to him; your talking proves it. I think he's doing just the right thing. Soon you'll find you're making interpretations yourself. That's the best way."

"Well, I wonder then what he's there for."

"You'll see soon enough what he's there for. An analyst isn't supposed to *push* you, you know. And look at your skin; it's better already."

"Is it?" said Margit dubiously, fingering her face. "Yes, much better," said Ruth firmly.

So Margit, in spite of growing misgivings, went on with her treatment for another month.

AT THE END of the month she came for her appointment in a particularly depressed and doubtful mood. She had been to a religious meeting the night before and wondered whether the solution of her problems might not, after all, lie with God. But could she give up the analysis now that Daddy had at last consented to pay for one, and all her friends thought she should go on? She would ask Dr. Tisch what he thought. If she did threaten to give up, it might at least wake him into showing some interest.

As she hung up her coat, Margit noticed that although the patient who came before her had usually left by the time she arrived, today there was an old fur jacket in the closet. The jacket smelled of a very nice perfume, and Margit sniffed the air of the closet with interest, wondering if this jacket might belong to the Balkan princess she had heard about.

Having put her own coat away, she went into the waiting room, lit a cigarette and began impatiently to flip through a magazine, wondering why Dr. Tisch had not yet finished. As another few minutes went by and there was no sign of him, she felt an unexpected surge of anger and jealousy about this unknown woman who was getting extra time when he never gave her an extra minute and never showed the least interest in anything she said. And through this

jealousy, Margit made a surprising discovery; that she did care about Dr. Tisch, for all his neglect. She was suddenly and coyly eager to see him, and decided to hurry off to the bathroom to do her face and hair before he appeared to call her in. In her haste she knocked against the overflowing ashtray on the magazine table, scattering ashes over the magazines. Impatiently she swept the whole mess back into the ashtray and emptied it into the wastebasket under the window.

In the bathroom, Margit looked at her watch again and realized she had been wrong. Dr. Tisch was not very late after all; it was she who had been early. How odd it was—and what did it all mean—last night's religious meeting and doubts, today's sudden warm and possessive feelings toward Dr. Tisch, and the mistake about the time? Something very important, Margit was sure. Today he *must* listen to her, must explain to her what was happening in her very extraordinary mind.

When she came out, he was still with his other patient, and a little fire in the wastebasket, ignited by Margit's own cigarette, had caught the edge of the old and very flammable curtain. Margit stood in front of it for a few seconds with not the slightest idea of what to do, wringing her hands and moaning. Then she ran with ungainly strides to the bathroom to fetch water; then, having nothing to carry it in, ran back again. At last, with a wail, she ran to the door of Dr. Tisch's office, knocked madly, and without waiting for an answer, burst in.

DR. TISCH got up at once, looking so horrible that for several seconds Margit could only stare at him open-mouthed, unable to speak. His plump hands clenching and unclenching "like some sort of awful machines," as Margit described them later, his face florid and the veins in his forehead standing out in dreadful apopleptic prominence, he began moving towards her. Margit suddenly realized the couch was empty, but someone was talking; a rich honeyed voice saying, "It does me such good to talk to you, Dr. Tisch. Who else would listen so patiently to the ramblings of an old woman?" Then Margit found her own voice. "The curtains are burning," she gasped, "in the waiting room. The curtains are on fire. Please, please get the fire depart-

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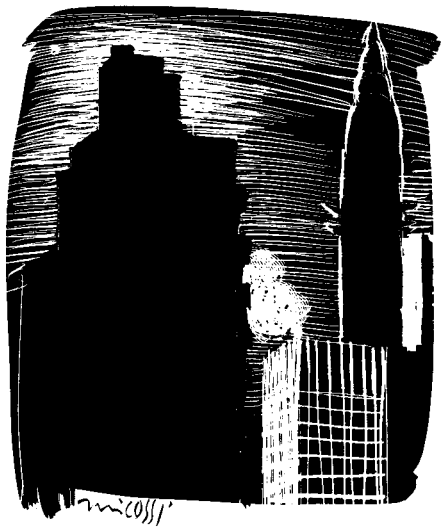
ment." Dr. Tisch seemed somehow, miraculously, to get hold of himself. "I will call them," he said. "And now get out of here. At once. Go outside and ring for the superintendent. There are fire extinguishers in the hall." Margit obeyed, backing out of the room and still staring at him like a terrified child.

"Why didn't her father tell me the little bitch was an arsonist?," he thought, while his trembling fingers switched off the gramophone and jerked clumsily at the telephone dial. He reported the fire and with great effort calmed himself, thinking, I can say it is a tape I had made of a patient. Something I wanted to use for a paper. She won't know if that is correct procedure. And anyhow no one will believe her. He took the record, shoved it into his briefcase, and started for the door. Smoke from the waiting room was pouring out into the hall. Margit had evidently not yet managed to get the superintendent. When he reached the elevator, Dr. Tisch suddenly remembered the fur jacket. He went back, fighting his way through smoke, took the jacket, and then wondered if perhaps he ought to risk leaving it after all, rather than draw attention to it by taking it with him. Dr. Tisch was no longer young or strong, and he wavered in the hallway a little longer than his constitution would allow. When the superintendent did burst into the apartment with fire extinguisher in hand and a hysterical Margit behind him, he found Dr. Tisch on the floor unconscious, with the briefcase and fur jacket clutched in his arms.

"THE SMOKE was too much for his heart," a doctor friend who had attended Leopold in his last hours explained later to Mrs. Tisch in the Tisch living room. "Yes, yes, poor Leopold," said Mrs. Tisch softly. She was sitting in her husband's armchair. She sighed. "One has to expect it," she said. "So many younger men too. Especially doctors. Only last week Otto Rolfe had an attack—and he was doing nothing—nothing. Just listening to the last Beethoven quartet." "Emmy," said the friend, "I know it wasn't always easy for you and Leopold these last years. If you need—" "Oh no," said Mrs. Tisch. "Leopold had a good insurance. He was not entirely, you know, an impractical man. And I can get a job. I wouldn't mind at all." She sounded almost cheerful, and the friend, feeling a little embarrassed, took his leave, after giving her the jacket and briefcase her husband had been holding when he collapsed.

The fur jacket remained unclaimed, though Mrs. Tisch wrote to all Leopold's patients that she could trace. She was sure it had belonged to the princess, but the princess was not to be found in Leopold's address book, the telephone book or anywhere else; she seemed to have disappeared into thin air. Mrs. Tisch decided to keep the coat for a while and then sell it for the little it might bring. It was not a fashionable fur. The funeral arrangements and various financial matters took longer



than she had anticipated, so it was some time before she was able to get down to the job of sorting out Leopold's personal effects. It was then she put on the gramophone the unlabeled record she had found in his briefcase.

"I remember the first winter we went to St. Moritz. In those days one traveled with enormous trunks and a retinue of servants. The hotels, though less well equipped, of course, by modern standards, had the advantage of unhurried service and spacious rooms. We had a large suite; one room of it was occupied by my mother's good friend, the poet Dieter von Hagenbluth—" Mrs. Tisch listened incredulously; something about these banal events, recited in a smooth professional voice with a heavy accent, seemed familiar to her. It was something out of a book, she thought, one of those volumes of aristocratic memoirs Leopold was always buying, and used to read out loud to her when they were first married. But where had he got a recording of such a thing? Perhaps it was something that belonged to the princess? Anyhow, one could hardly imagine her coming to claim it if she did not bother about the jacket. Mrs. Tisch took the record off without listening to the end, having decided to give it to her cleaning woman "for the children."

So the fur jacket Dr. Tisch had bought second-hand and the recording he had had made, at considerable expense, by an aging out-of-work actress, were returned to obscurity; and his secret remained undiscovered. He had been right in thinking that no one would believe Margit. "You just imagine you heard a voice," Ruth Meyer said, "because you were so upset about the fire. No psychoanalyst ever tapes a patient. You must have imagined the whole thing. It was your guilt feelings about having set fire to the waiting room. You must stop blaming yourself for the poor man's death. He would probably have had a heart attack anyway." "I don't understand it," said Margit tearfully. "I'm so sure I heard a voice. And if the patient had gone why was her fur coat still in the closet? He took it out before he collapsed." "She probably forgot the coat," said Ruth. "One always gets obsessed with these meaningless details when there's a tragedy," put in Hermione pompously.

Margit began to seriously doubt her own sanity, and doubting it lost a little of it as well. Before another analyst could be found for her, she went to the theatre, and having insisted on a seat in the front row of the balcony, deliberately dropped a pair of opera glasses on the innocent bald head of an elderly man below, killing him stone dead. After this incident, she went for some time as a voluntary patient into an extremely expensive private clinic, nearly ruining her father, who cursed the day he had ever tried to save money by getting his daughter an obscure and relatively inexpensive psychoanalyst.

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Masterpieces Galore

ROLAND GELATT

AN ENTRY in André Gide's *Journals*, dated shortly after the fall of France, notes: "My heart is restored and reinvigorated after having heard on the radio a recording of Mozart's D major Concerto admirably interpreted by Wanda Landowska. Strength and kindness, grace, wit and tenderness—nothing is lacking in this work."

The same might be said for almost any of the twenty-odd piano concertos composed by Mozart, perhaps the most perfect collection of masterpieces in the realm of music. Together they form an inexhaustible repository of melody and invention, of form and content in sublime partnership. Nowhere else except in his operas does Mozart express himself so completely. Elation and sorrow, defiance and resignation, virile assertion, feminine compliance, the valley of despair, the radiance of joy—all are to be found in these piano concertos, expressed with that unique grace and concision which is summed up in the adjective Mozartean.

Unfortunately, our large concert halls do not provide an ideal *ambiance* in which to hear this music. Mozart seldom raises his voice in the piano concertos, and their patrician intimacy is swallowed up in auditoriums designed to accommodate Mahler and Richard Strauss. To savor them at their best, they should be experienced at close quarters—either in small but lively halls or at home via the phonograph. In this kind of repertoire the recording process operates at peak efficiency: nothing is compressed, nothing inflated. The medium and the music complement each other perfectly.

A SPATE of new recordings has appeared in recent months. To begin with, there is the first installment of a complete recorded edition by the pianist Lili Kraus and the Vienna Festival Orchestra (a pick-up studio group) under the direction of Stephen Simon. Volume One (Epic SC 6054, mono; BSC 154, stereo; three discs) includes four of the most often played concertos—the D minor, K. 466; A major, K. 488; C minor, K. 491; and D major (*Coronation*), K. 537—as well as two relatively unfamiliar ones: the A major, K. 414, composed soon after Mozart first settled in Vienna, and the B flat major, K. 456, a predominantly sunny and peaceful work but with moments of touching poignance in the G minor variations of the andante, based on a theme remarkably akin to Barbarina's lament from the last act of *Figaro*.

This is a rich collection; and since the set is being sold at a reduced price, it offers good value. But on an absolute scale the performances can at best be described as adequate. Miss Kraus is a seasoned exponent of this repertoire—her first Mozart concerto recording predates the Second World War—and she plays with a lively, pointed style and pleasant tone. Like most pianists, she neglects to ornament those passages which Mozart purposely left bare for improvisations by the soloist (in the *Coronation's* larghetto, for example), and she does not astonish us with brilliant insights. But perhaps under other circumstances she would make a more vital impression. The chief weakness in these performances resides in the accompaniments, which tend to be heavy-handed in accent and muddy in texture. In that invaluable study *Mozart and his Piano Concertos* (now available as a Dover paperback, $2.25), the British scholar Cuthbert Girdlestone suggests that a good execution of the concertos depends more on the conductor than on the soloist, and the Kraus-Simon collaboration would tend to bear him out. Technically, the recordings are first rate, with a resonant acoustic that accords full weight to the bass line.

A more satisfactory account of the early K. 414 and the penultimate K. 537 is given by pianist-conductor Geza Anda and the Salzburg Camerata Academica (Deutsche Grammophon 39113, mono; 139113, stereo). Here the orchestral playing is crisper and the delicious chatter of subsidiary instrumental asides is not allowed to go by default—no mean achievement for a performance conducted from the keyboard. As an interpretative artist Anda is unexceptional, committing no solecisms, striking few sparks. He is less fearful than most of his confreres about embellishing Mozart's open spaces, though his gestures in this direction

Customers

Herself a feast, the clerk
Behind the check-out
Counter lends to each devout
Consumer, with receipt
And stamps, the corporate
Plea to—clang!—"Hurry back!"

Disconsolate, they file
From luxury in wish-begetting
Aisles to eye the young
Lorelei, whose song,
Though savorless, is—clang!—
Salt to the hungry will.

She ventures, in her tedium,
No treasure of her own
Cornucopia to anyone;
But passing trenchermen,
Amid the famine, dream upon
Their—clang!—harvest home.

Her benefits include
A modest wage and, miracle
Of unexpended capital,
An apathy that weds immortal
Venus, after every sale,
To—clang!—deadly maidenhood.

—JOHN ALEXANDER ALLEN

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Solution to

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Puzzle #145

B	E	T	T	O	R	■	D	■	C	A	M	P	E	R
E	■	I	■	■	E	B	O	N	Y	■	■	R	■	I
L	A	C	U	N	A	■	W	■	C	O	M	I	N	G
D	■	S	■	■	C	A	N	A	L	■	■	G	■	H
A	■	■	T	■	T	■	F	■	E	■	Y	■	■	T
M	A	D	R	H	I	N	O	■	S	T	E	E	P	S
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Acrostician—

INDIRA GANDHI

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are tentative compared to those of Landowska in the recording that so enraptured Gide.

This is the fifth Mozart concerto coupling by Anda and the Salzburg instrumentalists to be released by Deutsche Grammophon, and more are on the way. I would prefer closer microphoning than the German engineers seem to favor (the effect here is to achieve mellowness at the expense sometimes of vivid detail), but the series as a whole can be recommended highly. Incidentally, the historic Landowska reading of K. 537 has been reissued on Odeon 80841. Despite some overly affected and romantic phrasing, it remains the most original—and in some respects the most beautiful—performance of a Mozart piano concerto on records.

It is to Rudolf Serkin that we must turn for the pick of the current Mozart crop. The unpredictable variability of this pianist is well known. In Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann he can be at times sublime and at times soporific, transporting us with his rapt inwardness on one occasion, setting us on edge with tense brutality the next. But Mozart seems always to bring out the best in him. He plays this music with magnificent leonine authority, at once teasing and commanding, muscle and might terminating in a playful velvet paw. There is a spiky freedom in his Mozart which one misses in the work of most younger pianists (cowed perhaps into being too much on their best behavior in this repertoire). But Serkin's freedom is not bought at the price of stylistic incongruity or tonal harshness; it is rather the sovereign relaxation of an artist who has learned to give wing to his playing within strict, self-imposed disciplines.

Serkin has already made many Mozart concerto recordings, always with accomplished conductors. One of his latest discs calls on the considerable talents of Alexander Schneider and the so-called Columbia Symphony, another pick-up group, this one composed of topflight New York instrumentalists (Columbia ML 6244, mono; MS 6844, stereo). The brisk, incisive verve of the opening measures of the E flat Concerto, K. 449, estab-

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lishes immediately that Schneider's vibrant personality is in full command. There is no pussyfooting here; the accents are gruff and pithy, as befits music that breathes the restless spirit of C.P.E. Bach. Serkin's entrance modifies the mood of urgency somewhat, but there is no basic divergence of view, and the movement is a marvel of closely coordinated ensemble. The succeeding andantino is in complete contrast—a long aria for piano and orchestra, with a strain of undulating sweetness that carries premonitions of *Così fan tutte*—and the finale can lay claim to the title of Mozart's wittiest rondo, a breathless contrapuntal scamper from start to finish. Serkin races through it without once losing his poised clarity of articulation, and the brilliant bite of Schneider's strings is a joy. (Another new recording of K. 449, by Alfred

Brendel and the Solisti di Zagreb, is a good, lithe performance, though it is not quite in the Serkin-Schneider league.)

On the overside is the Concerto in G major, K. 453, which Serkin had previously recorded with George Szell, and Schneider with Ralph Kirkpatrick. This remake has the benefit of stereo sound and is interpretively every bit the equal of the older versions. The second movement, with its alternation of meditative serenity and cloudy, pungent questioning, is particularly fine; Serkin's playing here is an object lesson in tender sobriety and the delicate balances achieved by Schneider (and the Columbia engineers) are ravishingly beautiful. In short, a great recording of two matchless concertos. Don't miss it.

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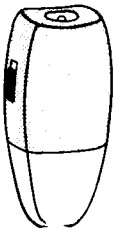

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BOOKS

Within the Madding Crowd

JAY JACOBS

SUMMER'S LEASE by John Rothenstein. *Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $6.00.*

Within the very narrow confines of the little madding crowd that comprises the so-called art world all men are famous, even as the young Dylan Thomas was famous among barns on Fern Hill. In a specialized press whose total readership is probably under a hundred thousand, painters less familiar to the world at large than utility infielders protest that they didn't seek fame but found it thrust upon them; critics who are read almost exclusively by their few colleagues bask in the notion that their writings are at least as influential as Freud's or Darwin's or Marx's; petty, striving museum bureaucrats number themselves (and are numbered by their associates) among the power elite, small businessmen fancy their dealerships to be as full of impact upon the grander scheme of things as were the careers of the Fords and the Krupps.

Into this world, with its peculiarly distorted perspective, John Rothenstein, who retired a couple of years ago after a long and productive tenure as director of the Tate Gallery of London, was born (famous, and, one might say, with a silver foot in his mouth), the son of William Rothenstein, a third-rate (but famous) English painter, in 1901. However, Sir John appears to have written this first volume of his autobiography sometime in the early 1880's. His book is not only a stylistic anachronism ("My acquaintance was the representative of the games committee and to him I was able to appeal with success against violence being offered my host. . . ."), but a flight of non-stop fatuity that leaves the numbed reader wondering how a man so consistently dull could, even with his inherited connections, have kept the distinguished company he claims (with stupefying documentation) to have kept, and how he could have risen to a position of administrative and aesthetic pre-eminence in a milieu that values cleverness above all else. On the evidence of this book, Rothenstein leaves much to be desired as a memoirist, but there is no denying that he was one of the most progressive museum directors of the century and completely revitalized the Tate.

THE BOOK is dedicated to the author's American wife Elizabeth and the proposition that it isn't what you know but whom. The big names—and the names that loom large only in the art world—fall with sodden frequency, and no anecdote, however witless it may be, is omitted if it serves to pad out the book's index with another recognizable entry. As a child, Rothenstein was on more or less familiar terms with the likes of Shaw and Gide,

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 146

by HENRY ALLEN

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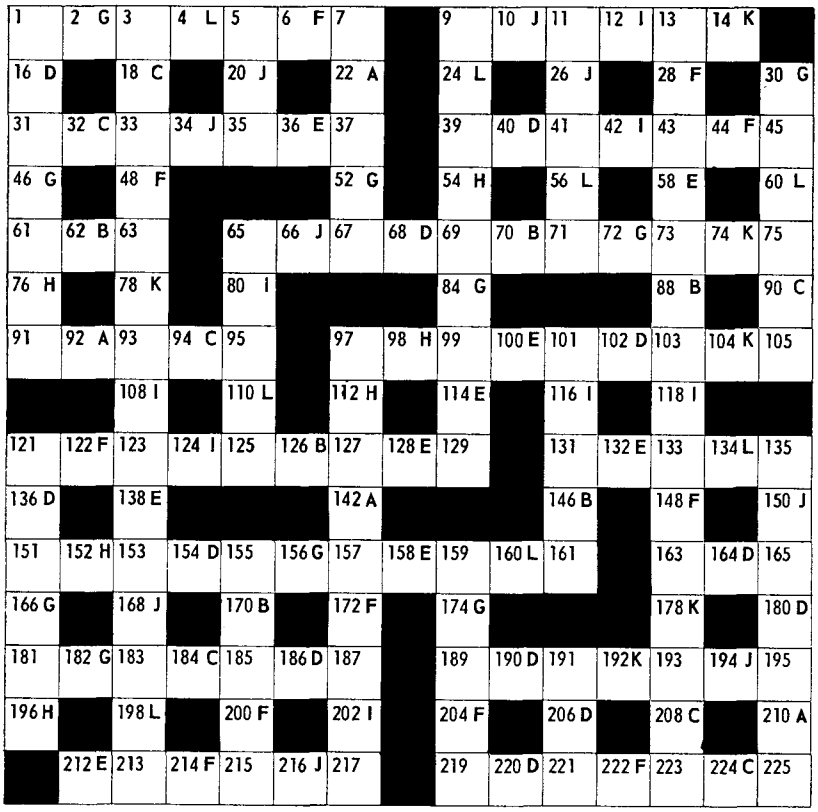
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
22 92 142 210 "Where there is no window, _____ not heaven or her." Meredith, "Love in the Valley."

B
88 146 70 170 62 126 "It is just so high as it is, and moves with its own _____ ." Shakespeare, "Antony and Cleopatra."

C
94 18 90 32 224 208 184 A republic of ancient Greece.

D
180 190 40 136 68 186 16 206 102 164 220 154 Erase a home recording, perhaps (7, 1, 4).

E
132 114 128 36 158 100 58 138 212 Indian sorcerer or one who "seeds" the clouds.

F
6 204 148 172 48 122 28 214 222 44 200 What the bell at the grade crossing says (5, 6).

G
174 30 156 166 2 182 72 52 84 46 Appellation of an expressionless person (6, 4).

H
112 54 196 152 98 76 The nine gods of Egyptian religion.

I
118 202 12 116 42 124 80 108 Joe Foss or Eddie Rickenbacker, for example (3,5).

J
216 150 26 168 10 194 20 66 34 Said of a legal action instituted without sufficient grounds, to annoy a defendant.

K
78 104 178 192 74 14 "But who does hawk at _____ with a dove?" Herbert, "The Sacrifice."

L
56 134 110 60 198 24 4 160 Common name of Grigori Efimovich (1871-1916).

ACROSS

1. I beg not to start (5, 2).
9. Braces when saints swallow an eel.
31. With 61 across, 131 across, and 151 across, job held by the Acrostician (6, 3, 5, 11).
39. Choices in no spot I can find.
61. See 31 across.
65. Oddball old man or fish lander? (5, 6).
91. Europeans find a broken CSA man on board.
97. Way out for a lost sheep? (3,6).
121. European duchy once, now at last take a drink.
131. See 31 across.
151. See 31 across.
163. Untreated in style whenever awake.
181. Increase found in most of Greenland.
189. Make clear it was once a flat land space.
212. Take out over me.
219. Races to publish on board.

DOWN

1. Guillotines are based, he noted.
3. Go vague round Lethe and bid below cost (2, 5, 3, 5).
5. Us in Rome and in a noisy crowd.
7. Groan about one of Word B.
9. Rocky tor weights tons, Gracy! (5, 4).
11. A bit more for the taxer.
13. Search for an opportunity to 3 down or for a tavern profit (4, 3, 1, 7).
30. It sounds as though one were apostrophizing flying water, not this bird.
65. Find foes and a shilling in the ditch.
97. A pie-face we know, but not many each.
101. The first part of this provides it all when mounted.
121. Pay nudes a penny. It's very quick.
135. Not the old goals or extremes (3,4).
155. The slow bit of particular goodness.
159. Pitchers for the sewer.
191. Even in township articles.

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WRITE FOR BULLETIN

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Wells and Yeats, Conrad, Tagore, Max Beerbohm, Augustus John, Roger Casement, and W. H. Hudson. He duly notes their presences in his life, but has little further to say about them. Indeed, more of his opening chapters are based on hearsay than recollection, which is understandable. The trouble is, however, that Rothenstein's memory seems to have got no better as he grew older—in fact, he seems at times to suffer from an almost total lack of recall—and he devotes a good part of his book to smiting his brow over his inability to remember just what was said that was so scintillating, so edifying, when he took tea with Max, or with Bibi, or whomever:

"How melancholy that I should remember so exactly the combined taste of the dry white wine and the sweet small macaroons served with it [don't be deceived by the apparent similarity to Proust's madeleine experience; those sweet small macaroons are going to trigger off only a *perte du temps perdu*], and almost nothing of Max's flow of conversation, so admirable a combination of wit, satire, reminiscence and the precise assessment of human character and situation."

Or:

"Although I remember so little of what he said, I can see him as clearly as if I were looking at him still . . . [there follows a brief description that in no way supplements familiar photographic documentation]."

Or:

"During the whole of my visit [to Berenson's I Tatti] each [meal] was an occasion to be remembered. But alas, as so often, my memory is unequal to those occasions. But although I am able to recall no more than the merest snatches of his conversation, its range and incisiveness made on me—as on so many others—an impression that has lost nothing of its distinctness."

IT WOULD BE disappointing enough to read lines like these, or, say, an unbolstered assertion that Reginald Turner was one of the "most entertaining talkers I have ever encountered" if Rothenstein were at any point able to convince us that he recognized good talk when he heard it. On the rare occasions when he *is* able to recall a snatch of the conversation that dazzled him, though, it usually turns out to be pretty dreary stuff:

"He [G. H. Constantine, a colleague at the Sheffield art galleries] combined an exacting standard of personal conduct with a charitable and amused understanding of human weakness, a directness of thought and speech rarely met with, and a highly developed sense of humour. In response, for instance, to an enquiry of mine about a colleague not noted for his energy Constantine replied, 'You want to know what he does? He sits, smoking his pipe, just waiting year after year for his retirement.' "

Of course, one man's laff riot is another's lead balloon, but I found a few of Rothenstein's own straight-faced accounts a lot funnier than Mr. Constantine's boffola. Here, for example, is the author on a visit to T. E. Lawrence's rooms at All Souls—one of the few relatively extended bits of conversation he appears to remember verbatim:

"He never allowed more than an instant for conventional greetings but engaged immediately upon some subject worth discussion. 'You should read, if you don't already know it,' he said on this occasion, '*Sons and Lovers*, by a certain D. H. Lawrence (no relation of mine) whom I place among the great writers.' I had never heard of D. H. Lawrence, but immediately read the book. He asked me to stay to lunch."

Summer's Lease covers the period between Rothenstein's birth and his appointment to the directorship of the Tate ("the only post I had ever been ambitious to occupy") in 1938—a period during which he went through public school, Oxford, a conversion to Catholicism, the writing of a now-forgotten novel that was not badly received by the critics, a teaching sojourn in the United States and the directorship of two museums—without once grappling with an idea of consequence. Even Rothenstein's apologia for his faith, which covers a longish stretch of the book, is maddeningly vague, and leaves one feeling that his conversion was more the product of muddle-through than conviction.

As sedulous a name-dropper as its author may be, the jacket blurb for *Summer's Lease* goes him a

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couple better by stating that he "re-creates the worlds of [among others] Picasso [and] Matisse." Rothenstein apparently had met neither artist during the years the book covers, and heroically refrains from indexing them. Presumably, though, his second volume will deal with the period between the Tate appointment and his retirement twenty-six years later—a period during which he was not only famous, but *somebody* famous—when he occupied a position that enabled him to meet everyone in the art world that he hasn't yet mentioned, Picasso and Matisse included.

It may be that the worst is yet to come.

Eavesdropping In Harlem

PHILIP HERRERA

THE SCHOOLCHILDREN: GROWING UP IN THE SLUMS, by Mary Frances Greene and Orletta Ryan. *Pantheon. $4.95.*

It has often been said that the most hopeful solution to the problems of the slum lies in the education of slum dwellers. Operating on this theory, New York City has a number of special programs, funded mainly by the Federal government, to encourage vocational training of adults and school drop-outs, to teach very young children before they slough off into apathy, and to provide remedial instruction for older students. The push is toward tomorrow. It may be a better day.

Meanwhile, we are stuck with today, when at least the "special service" elementary schools in economically disadvantaged neighborhoods have exceptionally high budgets and, because they act as baby sitters for the parents, surprisingly low truancies. But to what avail? *The Schoolchildren: Growing Up in the Slums* provides a keen and dismal insight into the answer.

The book's setting is the depths of that prototypal Negro slum, Harlem. There, two white teachers, Mary Frances Greene and Orletta Ryan, fused into a mythical "Miss Burke,"

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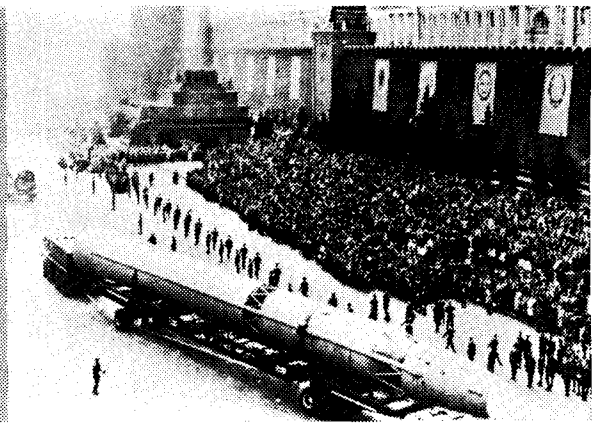

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FREDERICK A. PRAEGER, Publishers
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tell of their experiences in two grade schools. Bemoaning neither their surroundings nor their pupils, they simply record events and conversations, somewhat in the manner of Oscar Lewis.

However, the teachers' own feelings of rage and, above all, frustration occasionally seethe through the almost sociological dispassion. By including themselves in the picture, they not only show that their hearts are in the right place; they also call attention to their method of highly selective eavesdropping. The effect of this is to make a vibrant, angry and heartbreaking book sometimes ring of sensationalism.

The Schoolchildren is divided into two parts. One recounts the course of Miss Burke's day at an East Harlem public school. "It's Monday . . . the worst day, so violent and deadening are the week-ends in which these often malnourished and sick children have dribbled away hours of their strength on TV, movies, sitting on curbs. Some of them are now sucking thumbs, others . . . talking to themselves. But mostly they're just sitting and staring, their mouths dropped open and left there."

The school itself bustles with meaningless efficiency. A public announcement system from the principal's office disrupts the teaching and learning processes with sleek, suburban pronouncements: "Sit tall!" it blares, "Do we all know what a Community is? Thinking caps on...A *Community* is our friends and neighbors, mommas and daddies, and *us*, all living and working and playing in the same place together."

There are forms to fill and people to see. The frightened Puerto Rican mother of a particularly disturbed boy helplessly throws her son's upbringing back to Miss Burke: "You're his mother in the school." When that boy has one of his destructive fits, the teacher sends for help—only to receive a chilling message from downstairs: "Tell Miss Burke that's her tough luck." This school, serving a neighborhood where help is desperately needed, does not have the resources—or the will—to cope with its problems. As a symbol of hope or enlightment, it has been largely defeated. That defeat will echo in New York City tomorrow.

The second and longer part of the book takes place in another school. It focuses not on the teacher's trials but on the children's. Most of it is told in the supple, vivid, and ungrammatical patois of Harlem. The subjects are everyday. Hunger: "That turkey do be *so* plump . . . I 'spect he plump enough to feeds ten children in a family." The numbers racket: "Billy . . . He the numbers man on our block, the runner, and his pants hang down lowww from all that money he collects." Home life: "My stepfather's brother . . . married to my aunt; he'll slap *her* and lie and lie. And he look for my aunt's puh'se. He can't wait till she go to sleep, and she change the puh'se forty different places, but he tiptoe and tiptoe until he find it." Through such a kaleidoscope of impressions the reader understands something of what it is like to grow up in the slums.

THERE ARE many things to learn. The best way to fend off the ubiquitous dope addicts, for example, is to carry a broken soda bottle. "Down South" is where you can, unlike Harlem's teeming streets, "go and go." You probably do not have a father at home, but someone is there, a mother, a stepfather, an uncle, to beat you with leather straps. If you have a job, perhaps selling papers after school until midnight, you run the ceaseless risk of having some of the bigger boys in the neighborhood catch you and take your earnings. You can do twenty-three versions of the twist and frug. You are eleven years old and in the fourth grade. You probably cannot read.

The world of school is quieter. Teachers are at the children's mercy, and the children know it; not infrequently a substitute teacher bribes his class to behave. There are escapes, too: "They like to hear short stories most," write the authors in one of their moments of editorializing. "Such as the one of an English child who lives at the seashore. 'That chil' gonna save that ship and that captain give him a million dollars!' They like to hear longer things such as *Black Beauty*, once I get to reading them, but never ask for them. No child says, 'Please read *Black Beauty*.' For nothing is ever finished in their lives; they don't expect a story to be finished."

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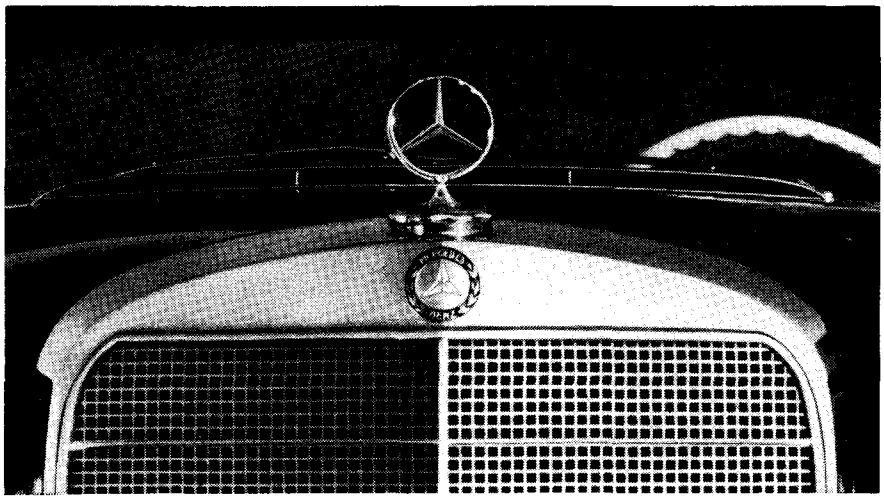

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